

The Sketch

No. 728.—Vol. LVI.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



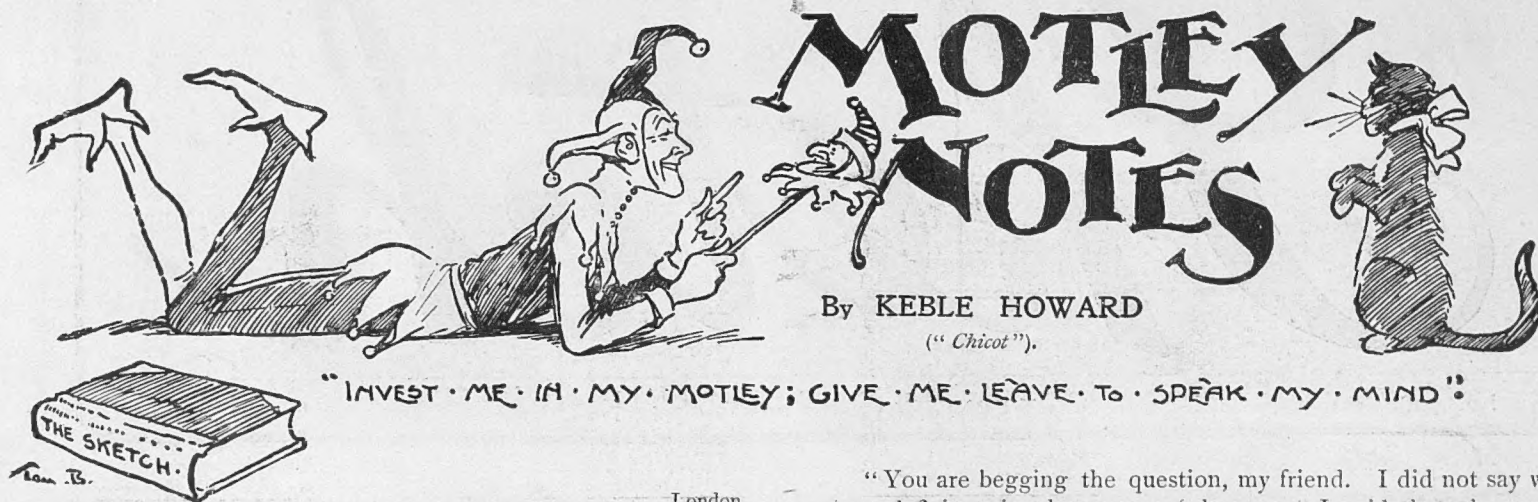
Mme. Colette Willy.

The Marquise de Morny.

A NIECE OF NAPOLEON III. CREATES A SENSATION AT THE MOULIN ROUGE: THE MARQUISE DE MORNY, THE YSSIM, AND MME. COLETTE WILLY, THE MUMMY, OF THE "RÊVE D'EGYPTE."

There was an extraordinary scene at the Moulin Rouge last week, when the Marquise de Morny, once the Marquise de Belboeuf, who is the daughter of the Duc de Morny and a niece of Napoleon III., and Mme. Colette Willy, wife of the well-known French boulevardier, punster, and critic, appeared in the former's pantomime, "Rêve d'Égypte." In this Mme. de Morny played a male wizard, Yssim, and Mme. Colette Willy a mummy. Tout Paris attended the performance, and proceeded to shriek and howl, and throw stones, walking-sticks, umbrellas, rotten eggs, and cabbages at the two actresses on the stage. They continued their playing until the end. Later, the crowd saw Mme. Colette Willy's husband in a box, attacked him, and mauled him rather badly. The police stopped the production after the second performance. The demonstration was against the actresses, not the piece.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



A Lesson in Etymology.

London.
Old Dame Nature drew together her shaggy eyebrows.

"I hope I have not puzzled you," I hinted.

"Not in the least," she replied, with a smile of ominous sweetness. "My only difficulty is in putting my answer so simply that you will be able to understand it."

I had asked her, you see, whether she approved of Votes for Women.

"In the first place," she began, deftly lighting another cigarette, "I take it that we are not discussing the merits or the demerits of those ladies who organise demonstrations outside the Houses of Parliament and interrupt public meetings?"

"Certainly not."

"They, after all, are merely incidental to the history of the prolonged campaign on behalf of Women's Suffrage."

"Cheers and counter-cheers."

"Yes, I know that sounded rather like a speech. However, if you can manage to keep some of your irrelevant remarks to yourself, we shall get along better."

"Just one moment! Would they be remarks if I kept them to myself?"

"Of course. A remark is merely an act of observation."

Where Feminine Logic Breaks Down.

"Anybody who asserts," she continued, "that a woman is mentally incapable of conducting a logical argument is a fool."

"How many axioms are we allowed in this game?"

"An axiom is merely an assertion that cannot be disproved."

"May I —?"

"No. We have agreed, then, that women can think and talk as logically as men. In other words, it would be idle to suggest that, if they were granted votes, they would be likely to abuse the privilege through sheer ignorance."

"I am entirely of your opinion."

"That's not of the slightest consequence. There is another argument, though, and a far stronger one, against giving votes to women. They are exceedingly apt to draw general conclusions from particular instances. If, by any extraordinary chance, they saw a member of the House of Commons the worse for liquor, they would be likely to say that the members of the House of Commons were a lot of drunkards."

"Would you call that logical?"

"I wish you wouldn't try to anticipate my points. I was about to say that women are logical until their emotion swamps the reasoning faculty."

Dress and the Sense of Humour.

"Men, of course, are better able to control their emotions."

Dame Nature nodded. "Men," she allowed, "take them as a class, are better balanced. That is why they are quicker than women to perceive humour. Humour being merely a nice sense of proportion, the average man smiles at anything which is out of proportion, such as an enormous feather in a woman's hat. Dress, by the way, is a very safe indication of the sense of humour. Any exaggeration in dress, either in a man or a woman, argues a lack of humour. In nine cases out of ten, fops and dandies, you will find, have receding foreheads."

"Now you mention it, I have observed the same thing. But, to get back to the subject under discussion, do you think it would be advisable to entrust the responsibility of the suffrage to a sex deficient in the sense of humour?"

By KEBLE HOWARD

(“ Chicot ”).

"You are begging the question, my friend. I did not say women were deficient in the sense of humour. I said that the sense of humour is more quickly aroused in a man than in a woman."

"Women laugh more, by the way."

"That is another matter. Their risible faculties are more easily stirred. A man sees humour in a thing which is not worth laughing at."

Plea for Sentiment in Politics.

"Very well, then," I persisted, "I will put my question in another way. Do you think it would be advisable to entrust the responsibility of the suffrage to a sex liable to be governed by emotion rather than reason?"

"Certainly. Let me tell you this, my friend. Political life would be a far cleaner, sweeter, healthier business if emotion, or sentiment, or whatever you like to call it, had more influence. The man whose life is guided by pure reason is in a fair way to become a villain. It is just the same with politics."

"Emotion," I said, rather because I wanted to keep the old lady talking than to make a point, "is not of much use when you are dealing with legal technicalities."

"I never said it was!" she retorted. "Any woman is baffled by legal technicalities. But politics, surely, are not entirely made up of legal technicalities. When a matter of national importance comes to a crisis, emotion carries the day. And you will not find that the women fail in the great crises of history."

There was no gainsaying this. None the less, I was determined to get Dame Nature's definite opinion with regard to votes for women.

Dame Nature's Message.

"Give me a message," I urged, not without cunning.

She gazed heavenwards, thinking deeply.

"My message," she said at last, "is simply this. The longer women can keep clear of the mire of politics the better for them, the better for their husbands, the better for their children, and the better for their country. Their position, at present, is a fine and a grand one. It is a far greater thing, surely, to mould character than to dictate action. The man who despatches the torpedo on its awful errand, granted that he does his work with skill, is a person of consequence, but would you compare him to the man whose brain conceived the idea of that torpedo? Let women be proud to send forth their sons into the world duly equipped with health, courage, and honesty, and let them not attempt the impossible feat of controlling the weapon—to maintain the simile—that has left the factory. There!" The old lady laughed rather shyly. "You have actually made me preach a little sermon!"

"I like sermons," I said, "when they're good."

"That's merely flattery. Sermons are foolish because nobody listens to them. An ounce of experience goes further than a ton of advice."

And her Limitation.

She rose to leave.

"Just one more question before you go!" I cried. "Well?"

"Will women ever get into Parliament?"

She regarded me with a pitying stare. "Are you ignorant enough to think that I can foretell the future?"

"I—I beg your pardon. I had no intention of being rude."

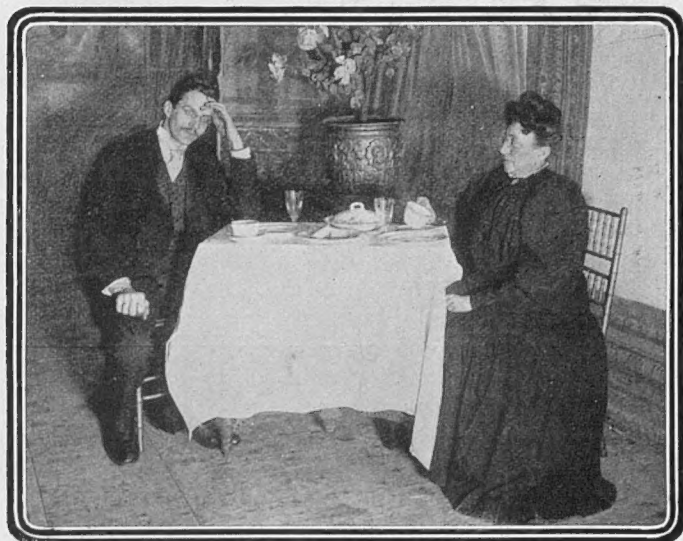
"My dear friend, pray don't imagine that the confession embarrasses me. I have no desire to foretell the future. Would you rob me of hope, wonder, expectation? Don't be silly!"

"You always end with that," I murmured.

"WE HAVE NEVER MADE ANY CLAIM TO TELEPATHY."

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SOME OF THE MANY METHODS THE ZANCIGS DO NOT EMPLOY.

Photographs taken exclusively for "The Sketch" by the Topical Press.

SEE SPECIAL ARTICLE ON PAGE X.

THE

UTOPIA-HUNTER

By DION CLAYTON

CALTHROP.

WHY MAY WE NOT SIT DOWN IN LONDON?

I WOULD sing in the open streets if I had the voice (which I have not, so that no one need be afraid); I would sing in praise of loitering.

There is a sanity in loitering that matches, even if it does not excel, the delights of labour. There are degrees in all things, but in those events of daily existence the degrees are well marked. To be a drudge, to labour and love the work, to take one's ease, to loiter, and to loaf—these are the various degrees between the poles of work and play. To know this adds to life those half-colours which most men miss. What man, be he never so diligent, but requires the tonic and the joy of loitering in its own good time?

That would be the opening verse of my song.

In London, when the buds appear, and even policemen wear a look of expectancy, there rises in man a sense of the spring, and a desire for contemplation, or, to say the least, for a little ease.

We will suppose, for the sake of the argument, that you are away from the parks and such open spaces, and that you find yourself human enough, and not too pressed for time, to desire a seat from which you may watch the pageant of life flow by.

It is impossible. Where are you to go?

I have laid the scheme of my second verse.

London offers you three opportunities: a public-house, where you will be shut out from the pure air and forced to breathe a mingled atmosphere of dust, beer, spirits, and stale tobacco; a tea-shop, where, if you wish to smoke, you will probably be sent underground; or, if you happen by there, a comfortable, purgatorial pew on the Embankment, along with the poor creatures who infest such places.

In nary a one of those places will you find the entertainment you require, and, believe me, you do require it.

That, if you please, O silent poets to whom I give this as a bequest, is the foundation of verse three.

We cannot, we are not allowed to sit down in London. There is an idea, and a false one at that, which pervades the English at present, and that is that a nervous activity argues good citizenship. In consequence of this each man hustles about with an artificially worried look in order to convince his neighbour that he is pressed for time, is dealing in great affairs, and is generally not left out of the swing of things. All this is very ridiculous, and is really foreign to our temperament, which should by rights be one which enjoys the calm and repose of a comfortable seat.

In consequence of this seatlessness we of London can never gather to discuss our city. In consequence of this we allow statues to be erected (here every nice person shivers) which in every other city would cause a comminglement of tears and laughter. By reason of this our roads and pavements are torn up on the least provocation,

our nerves are shattered by motor omnibuses, our streets are pulled down and hideously rebuilt, and we have an ignorance of music which is almost sublime.

Shall I, in my plan of verse five, be able to prove all this? Yes.

One moment, let me beg you, and we will notice the British workman. He realises, if we do not, the joy of a seat, a smoke, a good, soul-reposing loiter. The fine fellow follows the inclination of his heart, and—since nothing else is possible—makes a public café of the roadway he is mending. That, I think, I shall not call a verse, but a little passage to be sung very solemnly and repeated often. It is, in fact, the soul of the poem encrusted in the word—café.

Nature, art—business even—call for such establishments. They

should be fronted with plate-glass and open to the street to see. In this way our awe-inspiring climate would be baffled; we should take our ease in a glass box.

We must sit down. I insist upon sitting down; I will sit down. I meet a friend in the street, an old and valued friend whom I have not seen for five years. Where are we to go? Into a mahogany horse-box of a place to indulge in strong drink. Into a steaming, comfortable marble place to swill tea—it might be three of the clock. Or must we walk and walk and walk until we come to Hyde Park or Walham Green? And what if we are seen sitting down in one of these places? Passers-by will regard us with extreme disfavour; policemen will wonder if we are hatching a conspiracy; persons bent on business will frown upon us for loitering in public places. So has the noble art of taking a quiet moment of rest become degraded in the public mind. In nearly every city on the Continent we could go into a place at the charges of five or six pence, sit down, listen to some fair music, be treated as rational beings, and talk quietly or write letters, if we wished.

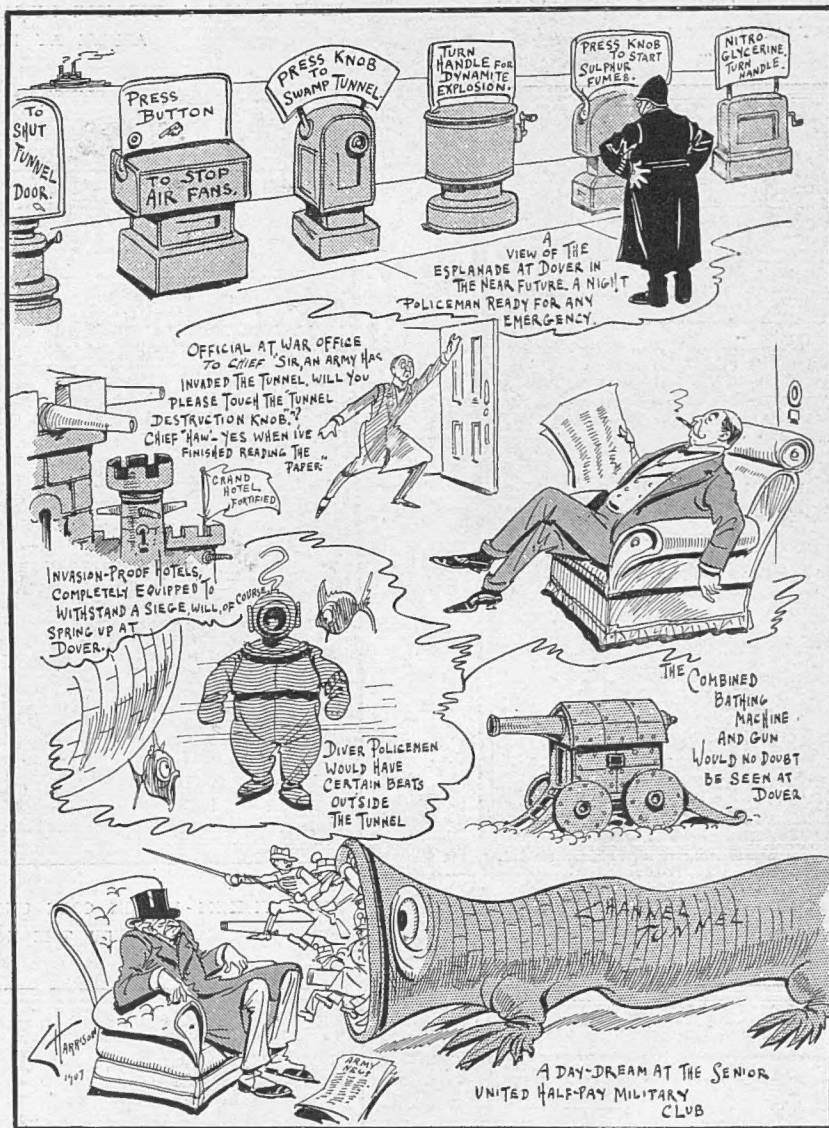
This would make a fine poem, I am sure, and one destined to cause a revolution.

Have you noticed how Londoners ignore their beautiful dwelling-place? We have views without equal—looking along Fleet Street towards St. Paul's, looking down Whitehall—a thousand

others, and we cannot see them for more than a moment or so since we are bound to do so in the hustle of the street. Must it end in this? must we ever be seatless? Must we always walk a walk, or sit boxed up in public-houses or in the curtained tea-shops, and all because of an absurd national prejudice against loitering, which we elect to call idleness?

One last verse, and I have given the poets their matter and they shall sing for me.

There is a nip in the air, but birds are already busy. There are lambs'-tails in the trees, though there may be traces of snow on the ground. Beside our mere hurry for existence, we require a little of the more quiet, broader measure of life. Come, poets all, let us revolt against present circumstances. Let us see to it that we can take each other by the arm and let us sit down.



IN THE DAYS OF THE CHANNEL TUNNEL: PRECAUTIONS AND POSSIBILITIES.

DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON.

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"TWO HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE."



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THE

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JANUARY 12.

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Jan. 9, 1907.

Signature.....

JOHN THE BAPTIST'S HEAD AS A NEW RÔLE
FOR VERY ENTERPRISING ACTORS.

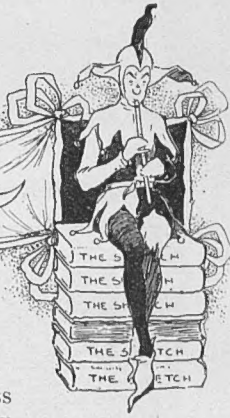


FRAÜLEIN ANNA SUTTER AS SALOME BEFORE THE HEAD OF JOHN THE BAPTIST,
IN RICHARD STRAUSS'S OPERA, "SALOME," AT THE STUTTGART COURT THEATRE.

Photograph by Hildenbrand.



THE CLUBMAN



A POLO TEAM OF DUKES TO VISIT ENGLAND—RAISULI'S NEW YEAR—SEMLIN AND SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS
IN SERBIA—"MOVED" BY THE POLICE.

SPAIN under her young King is continually supplying us with surprises. Would anyone have expected a team of Spanish Dukes to come to England to play polo? Yet that is what is going to happen this year. King Alfonso is so energetic and so athletic that he inspires his subjects with energy, and that energy finds vent in field sports. I always smile when I think of a dramatic situation in which the little King's love for violent exercise overpowered his sense of Court etiquette. He was on an official visit to a country, no matter which, and on the first night of his stay in the royal palace of the capital the Sovereign and his wife conducted him, as is the etiquette, as far as the corridor which led to his apartments. The little King, at the banquet, had made great friends with his hostess the Queen. "Would you like to see me turn head-over-heels?" he asked her, as he bade her good-night, and, without any more ado, he turned a series of "cart-wheels" down the corridor, to the great amusement of his hosts and the astonishment of the great officers of the Court.

No doubt, the same love of sport is impelling the Dukes—or rather, "Duques"—to come here and play polo in June. To be quite correct, the team will consist of three Dukes and a Marquis. I very much doubt whether there is any other European country that could put such a team into the field. Most of our Dukes are quite good horsemen, make a good appearance at the head of their Yeomanry regiments, and ride to hounds, but I cannot remember having seen any of them play polo, though doubtless the Duke of Beaufort did so in his soldiering days. I should not be surprised if, next to Spain, Portugal was the country which could send out the most aristocratic polo-team. All the nobility of Portugal ride well, and they get an excellent training for quick turning in the bull-ring, for on occasions of State the bluest blood of Portugal rides in the arena, and by dexterous horsemanship avoids the charge of the bull with wooden balls on his horns. A bull thus disarmed cannot hurt horse or man, but he can make them both look very foolish if he catches them at a disadvantage.

Raisuli's Christmas party of robbers did not run into the New Year. What the famous brigand's fate will be one can only guess, for they are not gentle with unsuccessful men in Morocco. It is all very Eastern, and the sudden ups and downs of fate are, curiously enough, accepted without a grumble by those of the East. One of the reasons

why our rule in Egypt is not liked by the mass of the people is that promotion now goes by merit instead of by luck. In the days of good Haroun al Raschid there was always a chance that a beggar sitting by the wayside might be loved by a princess and made the governor of a province. It was, of course, equally probable that the governor of a province might find himself a beggar by the roadside or a convict loaded with chains in a filthy dungeon; but there are so many more beggars than governors in the East that the idea of a happy elevation to power by good luck was always in the minds of the common people. Raisuli is an Eastern of the Easterns, and whatever his lot may be he will say "kismet" and undergo it patiently, hoping that the wheel may turn again and that some day he may find his foot on the necks of the infidels.

I notice that nearly all the special correspondents who write concerning King Peter of Serbia and the conspiracy to force him to abdicate date their letters from Semlin. I know Semlin, and I am quite sorry for the gentlemen of the pen who have had to leave their quarters in the really very comfortable hotel in Belgrade and camp in the rough inns of the Hungarian town. Semlin, a picturesque village of one long street, lies on the other side of the junction of the two big rivers below the old Turkish fort at Belgrade. Many little steamers run across the broad grey swirling waste of waters, and to cross to Semlin and back is one of the very few distractions of the Servian capital. The Servian police have a way of not allowing anyone who they think would be better out of the kingdom to re-land on Servian soil, and the polite gentleman on the landing-stage who regrets that the visitor's passport is not quite in order has absolute instructions that he is to keep the troublesome stranger out.

Just as uncomfortable is the official method of moving on a correspondent who has written to his paper letters of which King Peter's Ministers do not approve. One hears in the

night a noise in the bedroom next to one's own, portmanteaus are banged on the floor, and the sound of sandalled feet is in the corridor. A carriage outside drives off. One turns over and goes to sleep again. At breakfast-time one learns that the pleasant gentleman who had the next table in the restaurant to that at which one dined, and was so full of interesting information about the country, has gone over to Semlin. The police very considerably woke him, packed his baggage for him, provided a carriage free of charge, and saw that he caught the earliest boat.



LONG CHASED BY THE DUTCH,
AND KILLED AT LAST: THE
RAJAH OF GOA.

For a considerable time the Dutch were in pursuit of the Rajah. A few days ago his place of refuge was discovered. Thereupon he took to flight, and during this flight he fell into a ravine and was killed, with six of his followers.

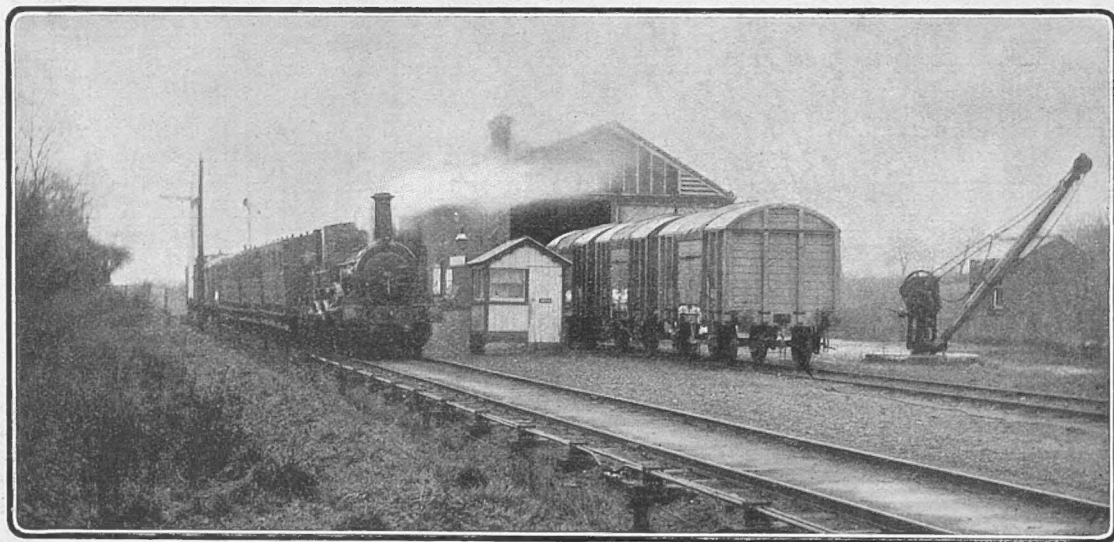
Photograph by the Exclusive Agency.



THE NEW MICHAEL SUNLOCKS:
MR. WALTER HAMPDEN, IN
"THE BONDMAN."

"The Bondman," transferred from Drury Lane, opened at the Adelphi on Saturday last. Mr. Walter Hampden is the new Michael Sunlocks, and Miss Edith Wynne Matthison the new Greeba. Miss Lily Hall Caine was to have played the latter part, but was too ill to do so.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

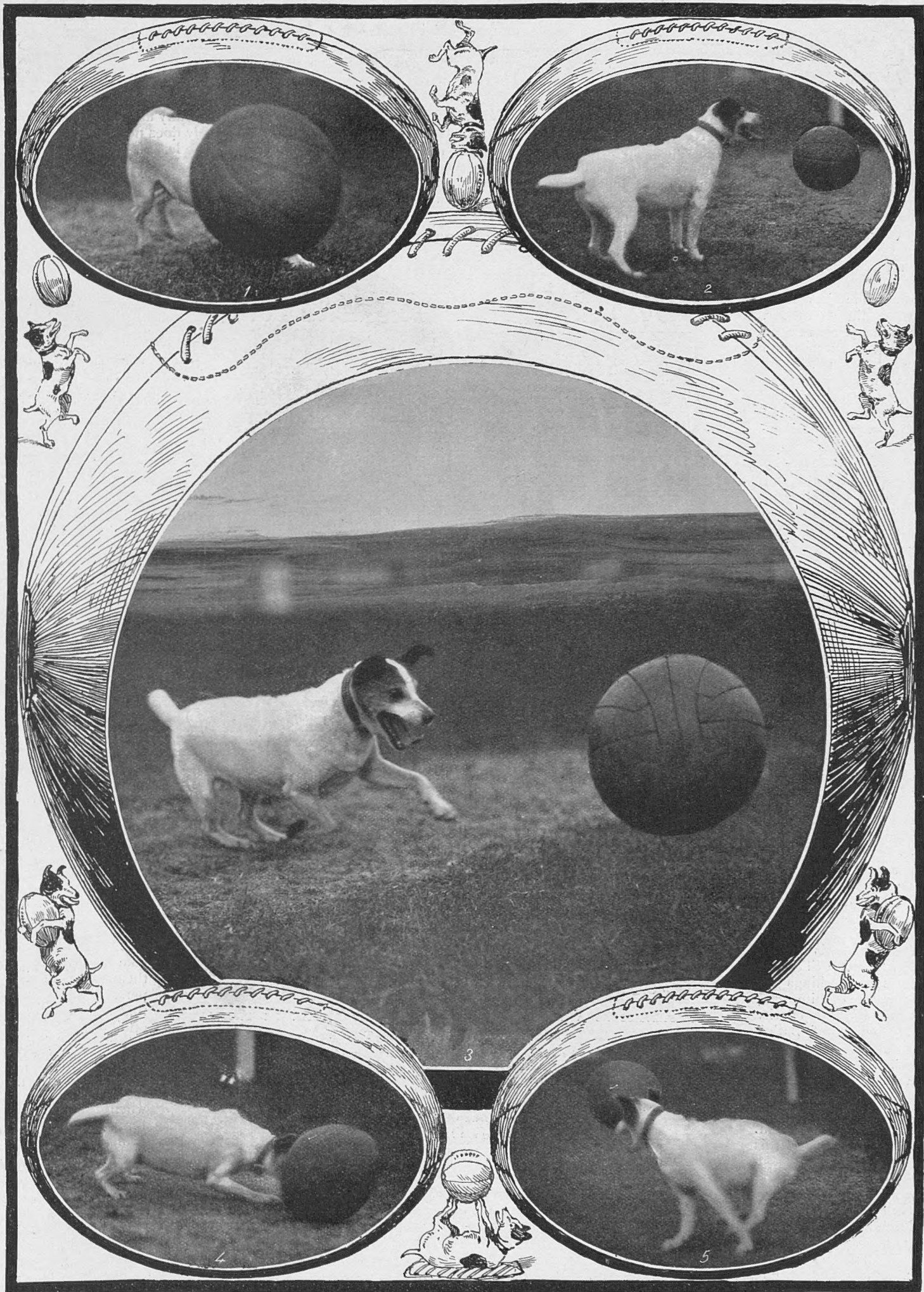


A COMPLETE RAILWAY SYSTEM SOLD FOR £2000: THE GOODS-YARD AT DRUMSURN STATION,
ON THE LIMAVADY AND DUNGIVEN RAILWAY, CO. DERRY.

The railway, which is ten miles long, was built twenty-three years ago, and has just been sold to the Midland Railway Company by the Irish Board of Works for £2000. The original capital of the company was £75,000 in ten-pound shares, plus £25,000 lent on mortgage by the Board of Works.

STUDIES OF HUMAN EXPRESSION IN ANIMALS:

I.—A CANINE FOOTBALLER.



1. POMPEY, THE FOOTBALL DOG, DRIBBLING THE BALL.

4. PLAY NEAR THE GOAL.

3. ON THE RUN.

2. A CORNER "KICK."

5. HEADING INTO GOAL.

The football dog is well known at Fratton Park, the Portsmouth Football Club's ground. As soon as the referee calls half-time and the players leave the field, out trots Pompey to give his exhibition of canine football. Throughout the interval he chases the ball up and down the field, "heading" it, pushing it along with his paws, and trundling the "leather" in a remarkably skilful fashion. Immediately the whistle calls the players back, the dog ceases his gambols with the ball and trots off the field.

Whilst the game is in progress, he stands stock-still by the touchline and watches the play.—[Photographs by Stephen Cribb.]



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By J. W.



SOME REVIVALS AND TRANSFERS.

THERE is no particular reason why anything theatrical should be written about this week. Nothing has happened that did not happen before—except, perhaps, that Mr. Seymour Hicks has moved to a new theatre. Even this belongs really to last week, but the fame of it was obscured by the fact that “Sindbad” and “Antony and Cleopatra” took up too much space. And yet it is worthy of note, and should be recorded, for in a year or two the removal of Mr. Seymour Hicks to a new theatre will pass unheeded among the ordinary incidents of every month; and simultaneously with each removal will come the announcement that the foundation-stone has been laid of a new theatre for Mr. Seymour Hicks to remove to. In fact, I understand that the London County Council is “holding up” the island site in Aldwych and two-thirds of the right-hand side of Kingsway in the hope of growing a healthy crop of new theatres for Mr. Seymour Hicks. That the Vaudeville was too small, I agree; particularly for one who had blossomed out as a producer of full-sized spectacular musical comedies; but what was wrong with the Aldwych? And why grow tired of it in a year or two and have another built very much like it? The explanation, of course, lies in that well-known and exuberant restlessness which is one of Mr. Hicks’s most engaging qualities. It will endear him to architects and contractors.

The change had cheered him, for he was in very high spirits when he first appeared with “The Beauty of Bath” in the new Hicks Theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue; and in his most irresponsible moments—those, for instance, in which he has forgotten his part and doesn’t mind confessing the fact—he is very attractive. So, indeed, is his new theatre, and his chorus, and Miss Ellaline Terriss: in fact, when all things are considered, it is quite easy to understand the popularity of “The Beauty of Bath.” Another musical play of a very different class has also borne a change of theatres without ill-effects, and “Amasis” is continuing a prosperous run at the Criterion. On its first appearance, this comic opera seemed just to fall short of being a really brilliant effort—to be, in fact, so good as to be doomed to failure. But it has not failed: on the contrary, it has succeeded amazingly well, and is now more excellently amusing than ever. Some wise improvements and alterations have been made: Mr. Rutland Barrington, for instance, is no longer kept waiting till the second act, and the humours of the piece have been worked up, just as is done in mere musical comedy. But it is, of course, not mere musical comedy, but a production which in performance and in promise offers much for which we may be thankful.

“The Electric Man,” which invited a second visit on the occasion of its removal from the Royalty to the Shaftesbury, is a curious thing, and its survival is more curious still. However, on the afternoon in Christmas week when my visit was made the audience seemed to be

enjoying it pretty well. It is elementary and harmless, and Mr. Harry Nicholls works very hard, and wisely does not attempt to conceal the fact that he does not resemble in the least a young man of twenty-five with great expectations. At the New Theatre, “Dorothy o’ the Hall” has returned from the provinces, where, I understand, she has met with great success. It is a wonderful play, and most instructive, but care must be taken not to regard it as a parody of the American dramatist’s way of dealing with romantic England. It is serious. Of course, there are passages of humour where you laugh: though serious, it is

not gloomy. But its aim is to thrill, and no doubt it does thrill thousands. A wonderful creature is this Dorothy Vernon; Miss Julia Neilson must know by long experience in the part (and in other parts, though I do not think she has ever played one quite like this) exactly what is the right kind of wonderfulness required, and so I suppose that this kind is exactly as it ought to be. But there were times once when one thought that Miss Neilson aimed at things higher than this. However, it is a very great success.

The last in the list of plays revisited is “The Doctor’s Dilemma,” which is now appearing in the evenings at the Royal Court Theatre. It is but a short time since the play appeared, and it has already been discussed from every point of view; and I shall not be surprised if from the point of view of popularity it does not prove to be a conspicuous success. Except among the enthusiasts the attraction in Mr. Shaw is his wit, and his pleasant habit of turning things upside down to see how they look. When a thing can be so treated and look funny the effect is delightful; but death does not take quite kindly to the treatment. Again, it is a great part of Mr. Shaw’s skill to take half-truths and make them into whole ones: to persuade us for the moment that when a thing is standing on its head that is the only thing on which it ever really does stand. Now it is a half-truth that there is humbug in the medical profession, but when it is pointed out with force and wit that the medical profession is entirely humbug

in all its aspects the result is rather unnecessarily horrible. There are some things which we like to leave hidden.

To which Mr. Shaw’s answer, of course, is that it is his mission to bring these very things to the light; and he shrinks not from discussing even the human anatomy, which is interesting but grim, and may account for a certain comparatively subdued note in the enthusiasm which greets three of the five scenes in “The Doctor’s Dilemma.” Of a different class are such objections as that the dilemma itself is not a very satisfactory one, there being apparently several solutions any one of which would have knocked the bottom out of the play, and that there are occasional lapses into crudeness which strain the allegiance of the most ardent enthusiast. These things apparently will happen, but under the circumstances we can bear with them.



A PRINCESS AS A MUSIC-HALL “TURN”: PRINCESS ESTELLE DE BROGLIE, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE TIVOLI.

The Princess, who is the wife of Prince Robert de Broglie, a member of a royal family which dates back to the Roman Empire, and grandson of the late Duke Albert de Broglie, French Ambassador to the Court of St. James’s, was formerly known as Miss Estelle Alexander. She is a Californian, and was singing with the Opéra-Comique Company, in Paris, when she eloped with Prince Robert, and went to Milan, where they were married. The Prince’s father promptly disinherited him. The Prince conducts the orchestra while his wife is singing.

Photograph by Hall.



Swell (Mr. Charles Angelo).

Clown
(Mr. Arthur Williams).

Pantaloon
(Mr. Sam Walsh).

Columbine
(Miss Billie Burke).

Harlequin
(Mr. Farren Soutar).

FIGURES IN "THE BELLE OF MAYFAIR" HARLEQUINADE.

Setting by "The Sketch"; Photographs by Bassano.

SMALL TALK



THE LEAST SECURE KING IN THE WORLD: THE KING OF SERBIA.

Photograph by Jovanovitch.

FROM the social point of view, the New Year opens auspiciously, though with no such important event in prospect as the marriage of a British Princess to a foreign Sovereign. The change of Government made far less difference to the London Season than had been prophesied, and an Autumn Session always means more money spent, as well as more coming and going to and fro, than did the old political state of things to which the world had become so accustomed. The great Liberal hostesses have played their part gracefully, though their ranks were sadly thinned in 1906, and the Opposition, especially those ladies connected with Free Trade, have bestirred themselves most actively. The winter season of 1907 will be essentially a wedding season; many indeed are the fashionable marriages fixed for the next month or two, and there are still persistent rumours of the engagement of a Prince of the Blood Royal to a ducal beauty.

Servia and its Royal Family.

"Horror upon horror's head" has been the experience of King Peter of Servia, and, in lesser degree, of his children. All this boiling agitation of which we are now hearing is not new. Boiling-point has been reached before, and the heat of the reformers' rage has died down. Ten months ago private assurances came to London that the King positively could not last another month. But the King countered such plans as were afoot by the only means appealing to his instinct; he crowded into his palace five hundred armed men, who all knew how to shoot. Some were there already. At the outset of his miserable reign he smuggled in men whose ammunition-belts bulged with ball-cartridge. "Uneasy lies the head that wears"—the Servian crown. Prince Arthur of Connaught would not have it if with it came a diamond for every hair of his head. King Peter waded through blood to it. He knew of the horrible slaughter which was to be carried out to clear his way, and throne has been one long agony—to and to his people. Everybody feels Princess Hélène. She is only two-human sympathy as King Peter has known since his wife died, sixteen years ago, has been that of this loving girl. His elder son, Prince George, the Heir-Apparent to the throne, is said to be a "savage." The younger son is a better specimen of royalty, and has many friends in Belgrade. The poorest peasant in Servia is happier than his King. How the people hate him! This is how their papers speak of and to him: "Abominable polypus! Murder and govern, monster! You went to Switzerland to study, and returned a criminal. Reptile! Seest thou not the looks of hatred that follow thee in the street? Fearest thou not the hand which is destined to wring thy cursed neck?" One paper, the *Oladjbina*, was threatened with suppression when it thus apostrophised him: "Flushed with blood, you appeared in our midst reeking with alcohol," but maturer consideration

by the censor brought the startling conclusion that the phrase did not contain "any malignment of King Peter."

The Berlin Smart Set and Trams.

It is not generally known that it is permissible for smart men in Berlin, and especially for officers, who are the accepted judges of what can and what cannot be done, to ride in trams in the city. But now an awkward state of things has arisen, for some of the tramways are being supplanted by electric omnibuses, and it is not good form to ride in them. The reason for this is that the late Emperor Frederick, when he was Crown Prince, one day missed his carriage when he was walking in the Thiergarten. As the garden is large, and the Prince felt tired, he jumped into a tram-car which happened to be passing, and rode back to Charlottenburg, just like any ordinary citizen. From that moment it became fashionable to ride in a tramcar, while the omnibus remained beyond the pale. The great question now is, can the electric-omnibus be considered a tramway, or is it merely a vulgar horse-omnibus? It is universally agreed that the matter can only be settled by the present good-natured Crown Princess.

THE PRESENT HEIR TO THE SERVIAN THRONE: THE CROWN PRINCE OF SERBIA.

Photograph by Jovanovitch.

The American to be the Noblest of Men.

There are some energetic, we will not say strenuous, Americans, who will fall foul of Professor McGee: Probably the Professor does not think so, for he has announced that in the future Uncle Sam will be the noblest of all human beings. "In the future"—there's the rub. "The future American," he says, "will be taller, stronger, more intellectual, and longer lived than to-day"—a result that is being brought about, he declares, by the present mixing of races, which marks "the initial step towards reducing the five races now existing to one American type."

This race will be composite, representing the entire range of the predominant races of to-day." Again, we ask, why

"the future" American? Have we not read within the last few days of one Norbert Wiener, who began to read at the age of three, and at the age of eight chose as his mental food Haeckel, Ribot, Darwin, and Huxley? What more can any Professor desire?

The Gibson Girl in Paris.

Mlle. Eugénie Fougère is not, of course unknown in London—in fact, we know her quite well. This delicious comédienne has been sitting at the feet of Miss Camille Clifford, and

has produced a Gibson Girl on her own account. You should see her in the part. It is immense. Upon her head is a wonderful coiffure of yellow, auburnish hair, and her graceful form is encased in a long black-velvet gown. When she moves with the peculiar progression of the Gibson Girl—the bust well forward, the hands linked behind the prettily shaped head—the motion, as it seems, is that of some graceful, half-timid animal stepping daintily in a dewy glade. Then she sings a song, does Fougère, all about the Gibson Girl. The type will not die. On the boulevards the ladies already walk *à la Gibson gerle*.



PRINCE PAUL OF SERBIA.

Photographs by Jovanovitch.



PRINCESS HÉLÈNE OF SERBIA.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



THE LEAST COMFORTABLE CAB IN THE WORLD.

Our photograph shows a typical Russian country droshky—little more than two pairs of wheels, connected by a plank, and a splash-board. The driver can rest his feet upon the shafts, but the passenger has to double his legs under him in a most cramped position. The driver's habit of whipping his horses into their greatest speed does not make the fare any more comfortable.



WHY NOT REINTRODUCE SEDAN CHAIRS?

The Sedan chair, which vanished from English life during the third decade of the nineteenth century, may still be seen in almost daily use at Therapia. So comfortable is it that many have been led to ask why it cannot be reintroduced into this country. Certainly it would add some little picturesqueness to our particularly unpicturesque streets.

A CONTRAST IN CONVEYANCES: THE MOST UNCOMFORTABLE CAB IN THE WORLD, AND THE SEDAN CHAIR IN USE AT THERAPIA.



A FORTUNE IN CHURCH-BELLS.

An American visitor to Aguascalientes, Mexico, has just purchased for £600 the three bells that hang in the tower here illustrated. The bells are to be melted down by their new owner, who has in his possession documents stating that they contain £1200 worth of silver, over a pound of gold, and nearly a ton of copper.



PAVEMENT THAT MAY BE MINED FOR GOLD.

The granite blocks that pave the street before the legislative buildings of La Plata contain no less than sixteen shillings' worth of gold and ten pennyworth of silver to every ton. One of these days we may see a city mining its own pavements! Even stranger things have happened.

A TOWER WITH GOLDEN BELLS, AND A STREET THAT IS PAVED WITH GOLD.



"ENGLISH" FIRE-ENGINES IN RUSSIA.

The engines, which number twelve, are intended for great Russian cities, and were built to a special Russian pattern. Both firemen and public look upon them as curiosities.



AN ENGINE DRAWN BY FOUR HORSES AND DRIVEN BY TWO DRIVERS.

The latest thing in fire-engines comes from Moscow, where the municipality has installed six engines like the one shown above. Each is drawn by four horses, driven by two drivers.

TWO REMARKABLE FIRE-ENGINES IN RUSSIA.



PRINCE AUGUST WILHELM, FOURTH SON OF THE KAISER, WHO IS ENGAGED TO PRINCESS ALEXANDRA VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN-SONDERBERG-GLUCKSBERG.

Photograph by E. Bieker.

official engagements, and the opening of Parliament will certainly be a stately and beautiful sight; while debutantes are looking forward to the first Court of the season. Biarritz is much excited at the prospect of his Majesty's sojourn there in March, and it is almost certain that during his stay in the Sunny West King Edward will pay a brief visit to Madrid in order to show a special compliment to his new King-nephew. It seems already decided that the next European Sovereign to visit this country in State will be Queen Alexandra's brother, the King of Denmark; but nowadays even royal personages are averse from making plans many months in advance.

The Princess Royal.

Brighton will soon rejoice in the presence of the royal invalid, and this will probably mean a brief visit from Queen Alexandra. London-on-Sea has been superbly lucky in everything save royal patronage. Queen Victoria had a great dislike to "the First Gentleman of Europe," and when she was a young matron Brighton and George IV. were closely associated in the public mind. The Duke of Fife's delightful house is situated in the quieter part of the town, and when there both the Duke and the Princess live in all respects absolutely like private gentlefolk. They are generous to local charities, but take no part in the active municipal and philanthropic life of Brighton.

A Royal Engagement.

surprise owing to the extreme youth of the contracting parties, who are each only nineteen. Prince "Auie," as he is called in his family circle, is a good-looking, typically German young man, not unlike his grandfather, the Emperor Frederick, at the same age. When at Ploen he was the most popular of the Imperial schoolboys, owing to the democratic fashion with which he made friendships with lads of the burgher class. The future Princess August, who bears the, to us, familiar Christian names of Alexandra Victoria, is a niece of the German Empress, and so, of course, has known her fiancé from infancy, while her elder sister has now been for about a year the wife of the Prince's most intimate friend, the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. The Kaiser is a believer in early marriages.

CROWNS: CROWNETS: & COURTIER

BOTH the King and his Consort have a busy winter before them.

This week sees a great gathering in honour of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, then will follow the two saddest and most solemn of royal anniversaries at just a week's distance the one from the other. February's royal diary is studded with of-

A Royal Divorce. Royal divorces are still comparatively infrequent occurrences, and this is especially the case in Russia, where, as lovers of Tolstoy's novels are well aware, everything is done to make permanent matrimonial separation difficult, if

not impossible. Just now, however, St. Petersburg society is deeply

interested in the lately accomplished divorce of the Duke and Duchess of Leuchtenberg. The latter, who is not yet forty, is an elder sister of the Queen of Italy, and of the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia; she is pretty, clever, and self-willed, and was her husband's second wife. It is whispered that the ex-Duchess intends to strengthen her connection with the Russian imperial family by becoming the wife of the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaievitch.

The Exclusive Emperor.

In these days of democratic monarchs the Emperor of China remains singularly exclusive. So exclusive is he that he alone may worship heaven and earth; his subjects are bound to reverence other things. Now he has added to his personal objects of devotion Confucius, that famous Chinese sage whose chief rule of life was to be a gentleman and to create gentlemen. In this he shows, perhaps, less devotion to "the philosopher of the family of K'Ung" than to diplomacy. Certain Chinese Christians, students, have found it against their convictions to kow-tow before the tablet to Confucius that has place in every Government school. They need no longer do so—in fact, must not do so under penalty of committing whatever may be the Chinese equivalent to *lèse-majesté*. Confucius, it may be noted, did not claim any divine right. When he died, in 479 B.C., he was not officially honoured. With the years, however, come greater and greater veneration for his memory and his teachings, and even to-day his direct descendant in the seventy-seventh generation reigns supreme, so far as moral matters are concerned, over a city of his own.



ONE OF THE LATE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS'S MOST INTERESTING TREASURES. SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS' PAINTING-CHAIR, IN WHICH MRS. SIDDONS SAT FOR "THE TRAGIC MUSE."

Photograph by Mary Spencer Warren.



LIGHTING THE KING'S ROAD TO CHATSWORTH: THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S TENANTRY LINING THE HIGHWAY BETWEEN ROWSLEY AND CHATSWORTH HOUSE.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



A ROYAL DIVORCE: THE DUCHESS OF LEUCHTENBERG (WHOSE MARRIAGE HAS BEEN DISSOLVED), WHO IS TO MARRY THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS NICHOLAIEVITCH.

Le Monde ou l'On s'Amuse in 1907.

That increasing portion of Society which lives rather for amusement than for politics, philanthropy, or travel, has the new sport of ballooning to which to turn its mind. Motorists are being catered for, even socially, in more than one direction; and for smart Londoners who still prefer town to country Lady de Grey and a group of noted hostesses are actually promoting the establishment in Clubland of a branch of the most famous *confiserie* in the world—Rumplemeyer, of

Cannes, Paris, etc. It may, however, be doubted if the thrifty "little mother of the rich" will care to pay the prices so cheerfully asked for and given in the Rue de Rivoli.

NATURE OR ART—WHICH IS THE BETTER?

A STATUETTE OF THE AVERAGE AMERICAN WOMAN STUDENT, COMPARED WITH THE CLASSICAL FIGURE.



PROFESSOR D. A. SARGENT'S STATUETTE OF THE AVERAGE WOMAN STUDENT AT AMERICAN COLLEGES—
THE RESULT OF OVER A THOUSAND SETS OF MEASUREMENTS.

Photographs by the P-J. Press Bureau.



CLEOPATRA WITH THE ASP.
Photograph by Brogi.



THE CAPITOLINE VENUS.
Photograph by Anderson.



THE CAPITOLINE VENUS.
Photograph by Anderson.

The statuette which provides us with the first three of our illustrations was made to the order of Professor D. A. Sargent, of Harvard University. It represents the average figure of the American woman student, and was prepared from over a thousand sets of measurements. The Professor has also had made a figure of the average male student.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

The Lord Mayor as a Butcher. In making the Lord Mayor a Freeman of their Livery to-night, the Butchers are conferring the distinction upon their own nominee. For it is the Liveries, of course, who elect the Chief Magistrate of the capital, not the voter in the City. Men and monarchs may come and go, but the City Companies seem destined to go on for ever. They have been threatened, but they still flourish, richer perhaps more powerful, than ever. Their wealth today must be very great. A quarter of a century ago a Royal Commission estimated the capital of the Liveries at upwards of fifteen millions sterling. Since then properties in the City have not declined in value. An ancient Liveryman once left £20,000 to the body of which he had been a member, that those who came after might "make themselves comfortable." These companies know how to carry out that part of their programme. The Royal Commission found that they expended annually £100,000 in entertainments, and a like sum in salaries and fees. The City is still the capital of carnival.

Whistler as Re-toucher. A story has just been started on its rounds concerning Whistler, who is declared to have painted in a bagful of coins upon a picture for which his patron seemed disinclined to pay. Does every painter of note meet with such a client, and always resort to the same device? The story is told with variations of most past-masters of the brush. It can be traced with certainty to Lely. The niggardly patron in his case was a City Alderman, who owed no thanks for face or form to Nature. When the portrait was finished, the Alderman complained of the price, and endeavoured to beat the painter down, saying that if a bargain were not concluded, the work must necessarily lie on the artist's hands. "That is a mistake," answered Lely, "for I can sell it at double the price I demanded." "How can that be, seeing that it is like nobody but myself?" said the Alderman. "True; but I will add a tail to it, then it will be a capital monkey," retorted the artist. It is scarcely necessary to add that the sitter at once paid the fee originally agreed upon.

"Jim the Penman's" Jubilee. We heard a good deal just before the year closed of the weakness of errant lawyers for other people's money. Perhaps there was something in it. Luckily, we have not to-day in action in our midst any lawyer so keen as James Townsend Saward, who has been immortalised in the Rogues' Gallery as "Jim the Penman." It is fifty years this week since the police, after years of hunting, finally got upon his track. Not forgery, but the great gold-dust robbery on the South-Eastern, led to his undoing. The men who had stolen the twelve thousand

pounds' worth were his confederates, and he had shared their booty. When they came to trial, one of them, Agar, thrilled Bench and Bar by stating that their ringleader was a barrister. "I have seen him pleading as a barrister in Westminster Hall," he said. Jim was finally run to earth and transported for life. He had made thousands by the most daring and cleverly worked forgeries ever known beyond the covers of a sensational novel. Thesiger, who prosecuted, said that to such an extent had the conspiracy been carried that it was beginning to affect the security of the entire mercantile community. "Jim" adopted the modest description "labourer" for the charge-sheet, but they knew enough of him at the Middle Temple to remove his name from the rolls upon his conviction.



FISHING FOR FLIES: NETTING THE INSECTS ON THE VOLGA.

The flies are dried, and are retailed as chicken-food. Most of them come from Brazil, but the industry is also carried out on the Volga in summer-time. The "fishermen" float down the river in their boats, and scoop up with nets the clouds of insects that hover over the surface of the water. These are killed, dried, and, finally, shipped to England or elsewhere. They sell in this country at 1s. 6d. a lb., a price that may increase in view of the fact that the Brazilian Government forbade the industry some time ago, fearing that the fish in the Amazon would suffer. For use as chicken-food they are mixed with eighteen or nineteen other ingredients, including maize and millet.

with Irishmen at home should give him a clean bill of health, so to speak, with those over the water. It is the Transatlantic Irishman who stirs up mischief between the New World and Britain. There is a story of an Arbitration Treaty between the two countries, "killed" by Irish irreconcilables in the States. But there is this to be said to the credit of American Irishmen—that they accorded to the man who had sentenced the Fenians of 1883 safer transit than could be guaranteed in Canada. Lord Chief Justice Coleridge was shadowed throughout his tour in America by detectives and an officer of the American army, and came through his travels without a suggestion of misadventure. But he could not go on to Canada. Lord Granville cabled to stop him. Fenians were lying in wait there for him, and he had no alternative but to turn his steps homeward. A Fenian brotherhood had sat in judgment and sentenced him to death.

What the Other Should Do. Much solicitude is being displayed in the daily Press on behalf of the doctors. A little while ago they were being ruined through lack of practice; now they are being staggered by posers which occur in too big practices. Probably the doctors know as well as the lay Press can tell them what to do in an emergency. What the man in the street might like to know is what *he* is to do when unanticipated crises arise. Abernethy got the neatest answer from one of his students, to whom he had propounded the problem, "What would you do in the case of a man being blown up by gunpowder?" "I should wait till he came down again," was the reply. "Yes," said the fire-eater. "And suppose I should kick you for such an impertinent reply, what muscles should I put in motion?" "The flexors and extensors of my right arm," replied the student, "for I should floor you directly."

Shadowing a Judge. It will be interesting to see how America's Irishmen receive Mr. Bryce. His amiable relations

AFTER THE WRECK.



"EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING."

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



WHEN on Saturday evening the audience at the Haymarket Theatre gives a vociferous greeting to Miss Compton on her appearance in the revival of her husband's play, "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," many people will no doubt use the fact as the basis of remark on her great popularity. There are few actresses, however, who have had to wait longer for recognition than she has. Her father, one of the most brilliant actors of the last generation, wished her to become a pianist, and she studied with that end in view, expecting to have nothing but concert work. When, however, she found that she would also have to teach, she went on the stage and into the provinces to learn her business. It was at Bristol, where Mr. Carton was making his first appearance on the stage, that they first met. Later they met again at the Theatre Royal, Hull, where they became engaged. It was about that time, or a little after, that Miss Compton used to be humorously called "the first walking gentleman," for she played a number of young men's parts, and on one occasion she and Mr. Carton acted Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, in "Hamlet." Later on they played in "Oliver Twist" together, he being the Doctor and she Rose; while on another occasion she actually succeeded to his part, the young man in

papers of what is theatrically one of the most advanced of all American cities as "a triumph for the actor." Further, it gave the assurance, says one critic, "that 'The Bells' will come to be one of the American successes in Mr. Irving's repertoire." That in his portrayal of the part Mr. Irving should follow the lines laid down by his father was natural. Still, it is asserted that there is no slavish imitation, though naturally the physical and mental likeness to Sir Henry which everyone knows is possessed by his son not only makes him look wonderfully like the original representative of the part, but causes movements, gestures, and even speech, to be like him.

The impressions of an actress turned from the use of words, and allowed only gestures for the expression of thought and feeling, are of necessity interesting, and Miss Madge Titheradge's views on Nan, which she is now playing at Wyndham's Theatre in succession to Miss Pauline Chase, give an insight into the difference in technique required for the task. "The playing of a part without words," says the young actress, "needs a more highly coloured rendering, as ideas can be expressed only by gestures, action, or facial play. The action must be accurately



MISS ELLA Q. MAY, THE WENDY IN "PETER PAN," AT THE PRINCE'S, MANCHESTER.

A TRIO OF YOUTHFUL STARS.

Photographs by Sassano.

"Robert Macaire," in which at one time they had also acted together.

After several years of stock work in the country, Miss Compton came to London, where she and Mr. Carton were married, he being then an actor at the Lyceum at the same time that

timed, for if too slow, the part flags immediately. My chief personal impressions of Nan are that it is absolutely necessary to throw oneself into the part, to live it in every phase, for mechanical playing would be very likely to cause a loss of memory. It was very difficult at first to go through the part without speaking or using little exclamations like 'Oh' and 'Ah,' but even those were not permissible. However, I speak every word of the part internally as I play it, and feel every emotion of what I regard as a very sweet character."

Now that "The Doctor's Dilemma" has taken its regular place in the evening bill at the Court, the question whether Sir Colenso Ridgeon, the discoverer of opsonin, was studied from the life has acquired a greater interest. The real discoverer of this most modern method of treating disease—not merely disease of the lungs—is, it need hardly be said, Sir Almroth E. Wright, who received his title for the work he did in connection with his system of anti-typhoid inoculation, which has already saved uncounted lives in India. It would be interesting to hear Sir Almroth's views on his theatrical prototype, Sir Colenso, could the distinguished pathologist and bacteriologist be induced to give expression to them. In one respect the question of personal identity is ignored if not refuted, for Mr. Ben Webster, who plays the part, does not attempt to introduce physical likeness into his "portrait." Sir Almroth wears a moustache and spectacles, while the actor appears merely in the medical mutton-chop whiskers which are no longer traditional in Harley Street.

MISS GLADYS ARCHBUTT, THE LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD IN THE PANTOMIME AT TERRY'S.

Mr. Pinero was another member of Sir Henry Irving's company. One of the first parts Miss Compton played in town was Maria, in "The School for Scandal," at the theatre now known, in its altered form, as the Imperial. It was, of course, entirely out of her line, but she acted to get the opportunity of appearing. Then Mr. Carton directed a series of matinées at the Crystal Palace. She played in them and got an engagement in London—again in the wrong part. After that she determined to wait for her chance, but it did not come until "The Great Pink Pearl" was produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. After that she had to wait again for her next opportunity until Mr. Carton's play, "The White Elephant" was produced at the Comedy Theatre, when she was associated with Mr. Charles Hawtrey.

From the green-room of the Illinois Theatre, Chicago, there has come to the green-rooms of London an account of an event which has evoked many expressions of pleasure among his comrades, and will awaken no less delighted feelings among his many admirers of the playgoing public. This is the success of Mr. H. B. Irving as Matthias, in "The Bells," a part he has just acted for the first time in his life. According to the criticisms which have been received by *The Sketch*, Mr. Irving's performance was described by the leading

MISS VALLI VALLI, THE ESTRELLA IN "THE QUEEN OF HEARTS," AT THE ROYAL, BIRMINGHAM.



OUR VILLAGE SLATE CL - PUB.



MRS. BLOB: Yus, there yer sit, a-wastin' all the bloomin' money.

MR. BLOB (after the twelfth quart, pointing at the notice): Go on! Wot d'yer mean, wastin' all the money? Just look at that! Why, we've saved a bob already!

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. G. W. E. RUSSELL, who has been giving himself to a very careful study of Lord Beaconsfield's novels, contributes to the January *Cornhill* a careful paper on "Beaconsfield's Portrait Gallery." Mr. Russell deserves high commendation for being quite frank about J. W. Croker. Why did Croker inspire such detestation in men like Disraeli and Thackeray? Why did he elicit from Macaulay the emphatic judgment, "A bad, a very bad man—a scandal to politics and to letters"? These judgments were not grounded at all upon Croker's rascalities as a reviewer. These were doubtless sufficiently flagitious, but he had companions by the score in these crimes. What they were based upon was the relations of Croker to "the wicked Lord Hertford." As Mr. Russell says, Hertford was no common villain, and Charles Greville, no strait-laced moralist, wrote: "His life and death were equally disgusting and revolting to every good and moral feeling." Now Croker was friend and factotum to the Marquess of Hertford, who left him his cellar of wine. He was member of Parliament in turn for six constituencies in which Lord Hertford had influence. Disraeli says: "He was just the animal that Lord Monmouth wanted. He surveyed Rigby, and he determined to buy him. It was a good purchase. Rigby became a great personage, and Lord Monmouth's man." The long and the short of it is that Croker did for Hertford things that no man should do for another. Mr. Russell is quite right when he says: "Really Mr. Rigby was not overdrawn." The limits of a popular magazine have prevented Mr. Russell from making the case as strong as it might easily have been made.

Mr. T. H. S. Escott gossips very pleasantly in the current *Chambers' Journal* on "Historians I have Known." He recalls a dinner of the Literary Fund at which Lord Stanhope, the biographer of Pitt, referring to the accurate knowledge of men and events, early mediæval or modern, shown in Bulwer's novels—from "Harold" as a story of pre-Norman England, or "Rienzi" as a picture of fourteenth-century Europe, to "Devereux" as a true account of the Queen Anne period—claimed for the author of these romances the title of historian. Bulwer used to say that when he was meditating a novel he would spend days, weeks, months, sometimes even years, among the most authentic documents he could lay hands on. He would write about a hundred lines at a sitting. Stanhope also never wrote much at a time. He would break off to chat with his wife, and his horse could be brought round at a moment's notice, ready saddled, from the stable. Bulwer, we are told, made a point of going to a London theatre once a week. In society both he and Stanhope were silent men.

Mr. Escott had a slight acquaintance with Carlyle, who said to him—"I daresay some people have told you that I am a regular bear of a man. That is only when I do not get exactly what I like or am

out of sorts. But when there is no cold on the liver of me and everything goes exactly as I would have the people upstairs order it, I am little less than an angel." The picture of Froude is interesting. "Socially he suggested the flavour of green figs, olive, or caviare." He remained throughout all the years which followed the divestiture of his English orders "very much like a sacramentally minded curate meditating the offensive against the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council." Of Freeman we are told that his taste for snubbing amounted almost to a craze. Freeman used to say, "I know something; Stubbs knows everything." Freeman and Stubbs constituted

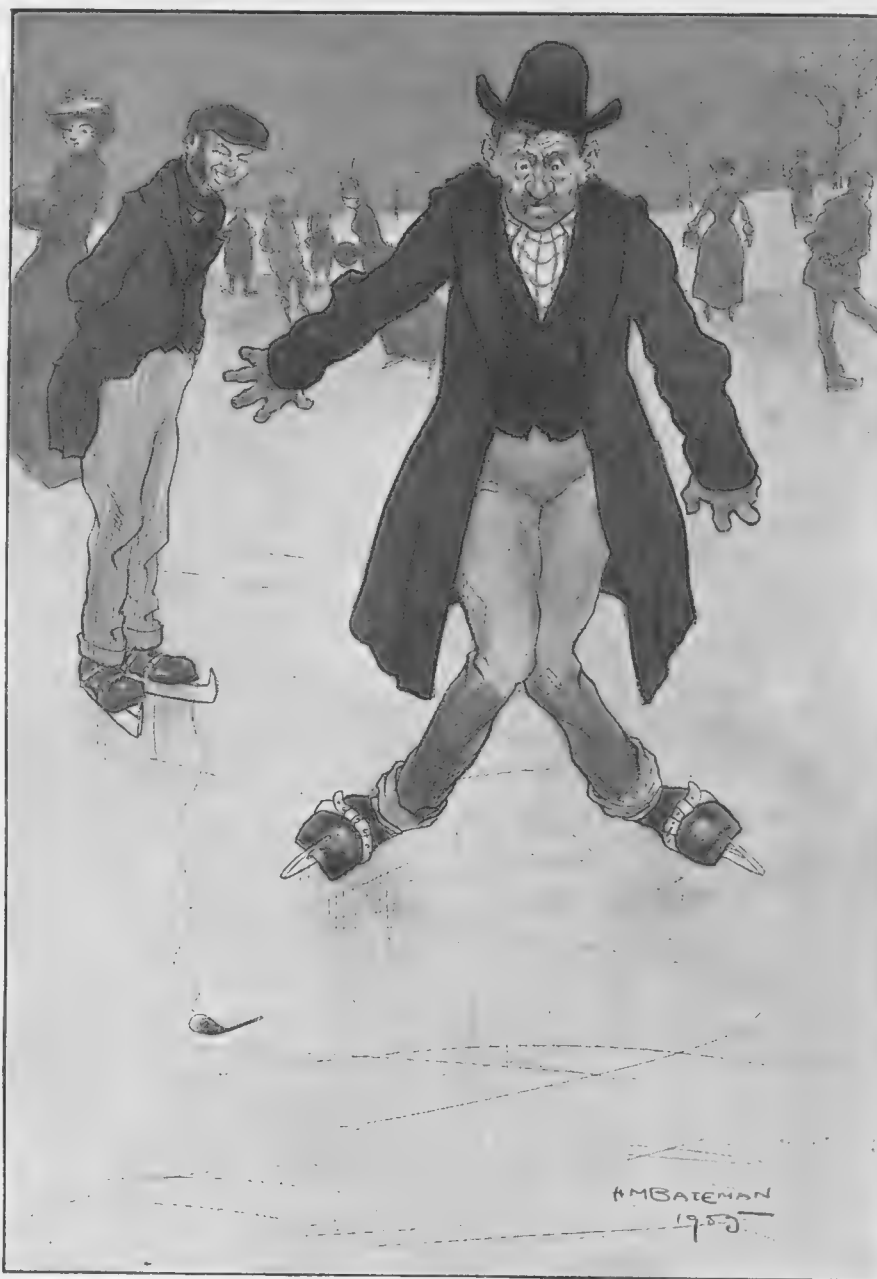
a very select mutual admiration society. They were both hit off by another Oxford historian in a couplet that will bear quotation—

See from alternate tubs,
Stubbs butters Freeman, Freeman butters Stubbs!

An amusing anecdote of Stubbs is given. At a public dinner, one of his rural deans proposed the prelate's health in a somewhat lengthy speech. The Bishop, sitting opposite, dangled his watch ostentatiously before the speaker, who presently collapsed. Before the last postal delivery the next day the prolix parson received two letters of contrite regret from his Bishop. Here was, at the Oxonian episcopal palace, the exact antithesis of the contemporary Jowett of the neighbouring Balliol, with his "never retract, never apologise, never explain, and let them howl."

In "Heroines of French Society," Mrs. Bearne has written the histories of Madame Le Brun, the Marquise de Montagu, Madame Tallien, and Madame de Genlis. The biographies are well done, in gossipy style, with much lingering on the love affairs of the heroines. A pretty picture is given of Madame Le Brun's visit to the Empress Catherine of Russia. She was dressed in a simple toilette of soft muslin, gracefully arranged with a scarf twisted in her hair, as we know her in her pictures of herself. The Ambassador who was to present her looked at her with astonishment, and said—"Madame, have you not brought any other dress?"

With much confusion she replied that she had not. The Empress, however, received her most graciously, and took no notice of her toilet. Madame Le Brun observed with surprise that the eyes of the Semiramis of the North, as she was called, were gentle, and her hands extremely beautiful. We have a glimpse of Madame Du Barry in these pages. In all those terrible days she was the only woman whose courage failed at the last. The crowd round the scaffold were so moved by her terror and despair that the execution was hurried on lest they should prevent it. Madame Le Brun wrote in one of her letters: "I have always been persuaded that if the victims of that time of execrable memory had not had the noble pride to die with courage the Terror would have ceased much sooner . . . it is much easier to arouse the compassion than the imagination of the populace." Mrs. Bearne's volume, attractive in blue and gold, is published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The illustrations are appropriate. o. o.



SKATING TRIALS.

THE BEGINNER (learning on hired skates): Strikes me these skates were made for a knock-kneed chap.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

FURTHER TROUBLE IN MOROCCO.



INNOCENT TOURIST (*in Morocco*): I want a pair of red Morocco leather shoes.

RAISULI-LIKE DEALER: I much regret, Sir. They no yet arrive. We wait the steamer from Liverpool.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

TWO NOVELS IN A NUTSHELL.

A CHANCE MEETING.

BY GEORGE SURREY.



THE perspiring citizens of Murdocksville had roped in their steer and were sitting on him. That is to say, they had at last succeeded in running down and capturing the man on whose account they were neglecting their several occupations, and they were giving themselves and their bronchos a breather preparatory to making arrangements for the exit of their prisoner. The latter's crime—or misfortune—consisted in having been seen in company with a very fine sorrel mare which everyone knew was the property of Deaf Jim Burke.

No horse in the district could equal Jim Burke's sorrel; and if her late rider had known the country, there would have been no hope of catching him. Unfortunately—for him—he didn't; and his pursuers, by taking a near cut, had hit the trail ahead of him. The horse-thief had instinctively thrown up his hands when he saw the levelled rifles. Hence his present position.

The captors were not hurrying matters; there was no need. Time stands at no premium when matters have reached the stage they had; and the man to whom all were indebted for their fifty-mile promenade seemed to have no desire to quarrel about the slight delay.

The members of the lynching party were hot, but in good temper. Life in that choice region which lies between the Rio Colorado and the Rio Grand del Norte is apt to become a trifle monotonous, to degenerate into an everlastingly hot, dirty-red vegetation of human existence. A lynching is no unwelcome relief to the tedium of the humdrum daily round. They felt no active anger against their prisoner. Nay, they even experienced a certain feeling of gratitude to him for having furnished the excitement.

"Cheer up, pard," said one of the brick-coloured, unshaven men around him, patting the horse-thief kindly on the shoulder. "Short life 'n' a merry one, yer know. Reckon yer've had a many good times, an' no man kin expect t' be always holding a full house or a royal flush."

The prisoner shrugged his shoulders and shook his head, while a sort of dreary-angry expression came into his face.

A rather good-looking young fellow he was altogether, and of a superior type to the men gathered about him. Though so near to death, there was no fear, only sorrow, expressed in his blue eyes and the drooping corners of his well-shaped mouth. Yet there was none of that hardy indifference to death that one commonly sees written in the features of those on whom Judge Lynch pronounces sentence. The swaggering deportment, grim jokes, and ribald laughter of the desperado, who, when the time comes for him to leave the world, apparently doesn't care two straws for the fact, were all missing. On the other hand, one could detect no sign of that abject terror with which men who are cowards at heart meet death.

This young man, bound, dusty, hopeless of respite or reprieve, seemed to be suffering acute regret, not that he himself was about to die, but for some obscure, latent reason.

He shook his head again when Sam Hooker, unhitching a coil of Manila rope from his saddle-horn, asked him if he had anything to say.

"Nothin'?" queried Sam, while his nimble fingers contrived an artistic running noose. "Nothin'? No partic'lar message as yer'd like us t' deliver?"

The prisoner slowly ran his eyes around the circle of red, bearded faces; one glance he cast at the tree which was to be his gallows; and once he looked at the fierce blue sky, and the dusty, dirty yellow earth. For a moment his eyes rested upon the haze-draped outline where earth and sky met, as if far beyond he could see something outside the ken of others, and on which he was looking for the last time. He sighed, opened his lips to speak, hesitated, then firmly closed his mouth again.

Someone jolted him on the arm and repeated Hooker's question.

"No, boys," he replied firmly, "there's nothing."

"Sure?" asked Si Roberts. "Because it's no trouble t' us; an' it's only a matter of yer speakin' up."

Again the prisoner hesitated. "No; perhaps it's better she shouldn't know," he muttered.

There was a long pause, then, "Anyone yer fond of?" Sam Hooker inquired curiously. "Mother, sweetheart, mebbe?"

"My wife," was the quiet reply, and the simple words, and the tone in which they were spoken, touched a hidden chord in the hearts of his hearers.

"Where is she?" Andy Jackson inquired gruffly.

"Way over in New Mexico, near to Lincoln."

"An' yer'd like a message sent her, eh?"

"Message! Well, boys," and the blue eyes flashed with sudden pride, "send her a message, after all, if you will. Just tell her why I haven't been able to reach her. Just that; nothing else. Wouldn't like her to think I hadn't done my level best to get to her."

The last words were spoken more to himself than to the men around him, but they heard them, and after a covert exchange of glances, each man looked away.

"Sorter expectin' yer?" Jim Burke's eyes were fixed on the ears of his pony, and his voice seemed unusually rough.

"Yes," and in spite of himself, the prisoner sighed gently.

"How did yer know?"

"Oh, there's a letter in my pocket; and say, boys"—the voice rose a trifle impatiently—"I'm getting tired. You'll want to be getting home, too, so make haste and get it over. Just untie my hands if you will—I shan't struggle."

There was a long silence. Sam Hooker played absently with the rope in his hands, sliding the noose up and down.

"Where is this yer letter?" he asked abruptly, suddenly raising his head.

"Left side-pocket," the prisoner said wearily.

Sam thrust his hand into the indicated pocket of the shabby old jacket, and drew out an envelope. It was addressed in a woman's handwriting to Mr. James Reilly.

"So yer Jim Reilly, eh?" asked Hooker, as, with a semi-apologetic glance at the prisoner, he drew from the envelope a half-sheet of note-paper, and the owner of the letter nodded affirmatively. In other parts, and by other men, he might be known as Stanton Masters, but just then Jim Reilly was as good a name as his own—perhaps better.

DEAR JIM,—I know you have gotten troubles enough where you are without me adding to them, but oh! Jim dear, something so terrible has happened that I must write to you. The fever has broken out here, Jimmie has had it, and now darling little Winnie has taken it, and the doctor says he doesn't think she can live only a few days. Jim dear, it is so awful to see the poor little darling suffer, and to know that she will die without you having seen her. She keeps calling for her daddy; and, oh! Jim, if you can get here before God takes her, do try, both for her sake and for your poor, distracted
WIFE.

Twice Sam Hooker read the letter from end to end, then he hastily pushed it towards the man next him.

"Read it," he said angrily. "Damn yer, read it, an' pass it on," for the man looked at him in surprise.

From Bill Ridley the unfortunate woman's letter passed to Texan Joe, and onward until every man had read it. Each one read silently and passed it without comment to his neighbour. The prisoner's head was sunk on his chest, and he showed not the faintest interest in what was going on.

The letter was returned to the leader, and the men eyed each other undecidedly. Suddenly Hooker drew a deep breath and turned to Reilly.

"See here," he began roughly, and the man raised his head. "Yer stole Jim Burke's mare."

"I did."

"Why?"

There was no answer.

"'Spose yer did it t' git ter—ter that plucky little woman that wrote this letter?"

"Thought of tryin' it, Sheriff. But what's the—"

"Don't yer talk; jest answer," Hooker interrupted. "Why did yer take the mare? Own hoss sick?"

"Dropped dead two miles above Murdocksville. Gastado—used up. He'd come fifty miles in five hours."

"So yer took th' sorrel?"

The prisoner suddenly looked up, his face crimson, and the words poured from his lips like an angry torrent. "Tarnation!" he cried; "stop jawing and get it over. Isn't it enough for me to know that my wife is half mad with grief and misery, that one of my children is dead and the other one dying, but that you must stand here and ram it down my throat? I did steal the mare. I know what the penalty is. I knew the risk and took it willingly, and would do it again. Hang me, but for God's sake don't torture me this way."

Sam Hooker dropped the rope he was handling, and lugging out his knife, leant from his saddle and cut the rope binding

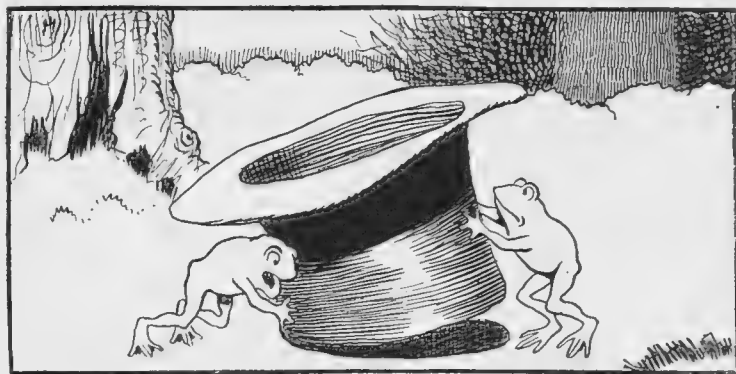
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THE FROGGIES' CHANNEL TUNNEL.

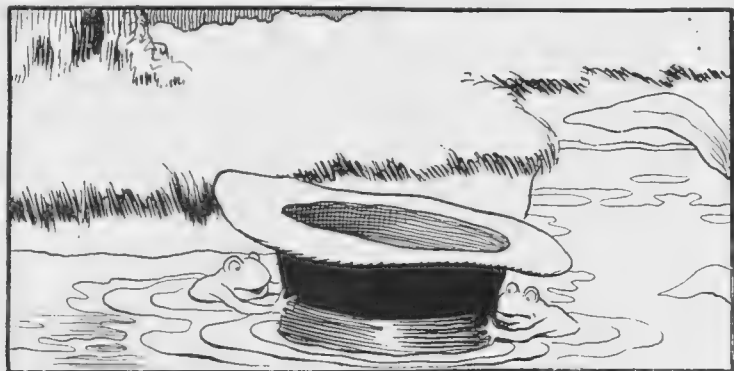
(NO INSULT TO OUR NEIGHBOURS INTENDED.)



THE BROTHERS FROG, BENT ON AN EXCURSION, AND FEARFUL THAT THE POND WILL FREEZE AND PREVENT THEIR RETURN HOME, HAVE A SERIOUS TALK.



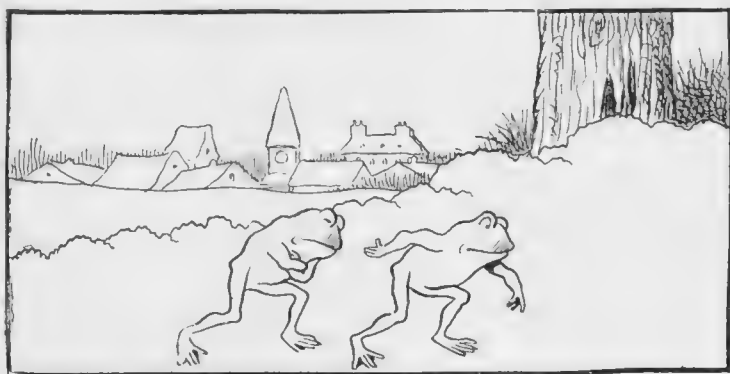
AS LUCK WILL HAVE IT, AN OLD TOP-HAT IS ON THE BANK. A BRIGHT IDEA STRIKES THEM; THEY SEE THEIR SALVATION IN IT—



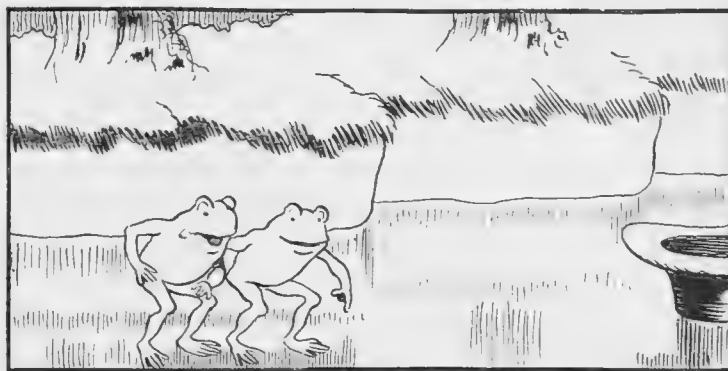
—PUSH THE "TOPPER" INTO THE WATER—



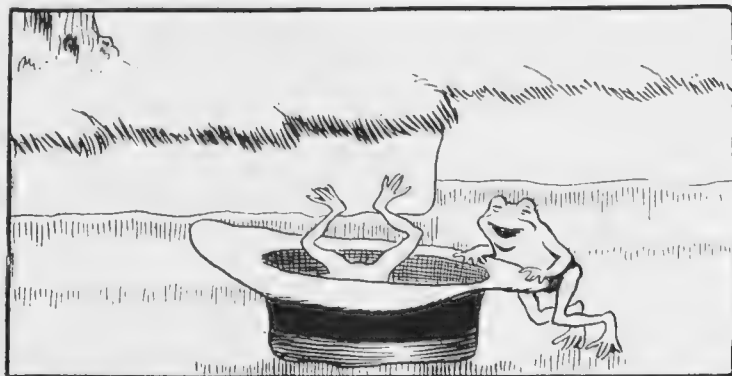
AND START GAILY FOR THEIR HOLIDAY.



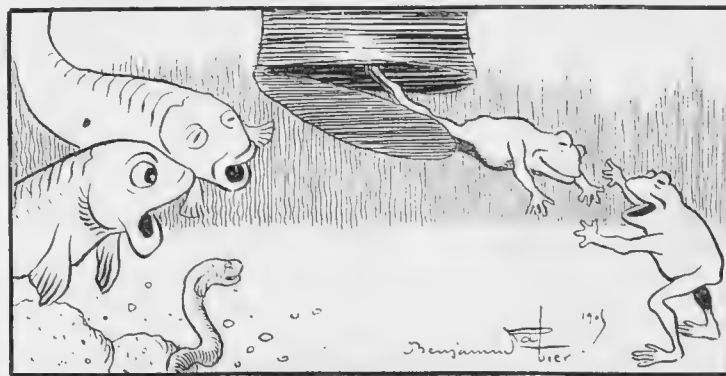
WHEN THEY RETURN THEY ARE COLD, TIRED, A LITTLE BLASÉ.



BUT THE SIGHT OF THE HAT FIRMLY FROZEN IN THE ICE LIVENS THEM.



IN A TRICE THEY HAVE JUMPED INTO THEIR "CHANNEL TUNNEL"—



AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT ARE AT HOME BENEATH THE WATERS.

DRAWN BY BENJAMIN RABIER.

the horse-thief's hands behind him. "Bring up that sorrel," he commanded; and Jim Burke drew his recovered property up to the circle.

"Jim Reilly," said the Sheriff loudly and distinctly, "mount that hoss."

The prisoner looked at him without comprehension, and the other men stared at their leader.

"Mount that horse," Sam repeated with angry impatience. "Durn yer, can't yer hear what I say? Mount that hoss, yer fool, an' git."

There was a growl of approval from the other men as the prisoner stumbled confusedly towards the mare and slowly lifted himself into the saddle.

"Boys," he muttered brokenly as he gathered up the reins, "I—I—"

"For God's sake git," roared the Sheriff, "an' if yer don't reach that little woman on time—"

The rest of his words were drowned in the sudden clatter of the

mare's hoofs as her rider swung her round and the lithe, strong brute sprang into a gallop. Turning in his saddle, the man waved a farewell to the men who had come to slay and remained to save. In a few minutes the sorrel was but a speck on the staring plain.

So he disappeared, and the lynching party returned to Murdocksville, each man thinking of the grief-stricken woman awaiting the coming of her husband. And somewhere out on the plains, where only one man and the vultures and coyotes knew, lay the coatless corpse of the real James Reilly, a thirty-two calibre revolver-bullet between his shoulder-blades, and his empty eye-sockets staring up to the blue sky, mutely asking of heaven why it had been ordained he should meet with a blue-eyed man mounted on a sorrel mare, and should confide to him the reason for his hurried journey.

Because of this chance meeting, in a lonely cabin near Lincoln, a woman wept by the body of her dead child, and wondered why God had not sent her man home to her.

But the life of Stanton Masters had been saved, and the ways of Providence are not to be understood of men.



AN OLD FLAME.

BY F. HARRIS DEANS.



I HAD not seen Kitty for nearly a year, so that her smile had the added fascination of novelty.

"By Jove!" said I.

We shook hands gravely, and she laughed. The last time we had met, it had been to elope; but the motor had broken down, and it had rained, and . . . well, we met again, as I say, at Lady Troutbeck's dance.

"No," she said, interpreting my glance; "not for five dances."

"That's absurd," said I firmly. "Besides, it's the duty of your partner to find you."

"I suppose it is," she admitted.

"My partner will need to have a strong sense of duty," suggested Kitty, when eventually she shook her skirts out.

Well, naturally I was not going to sit out with her in a mob.

"I doubt if he'll search for a year," said I meaningly.

Kitty looked at me provokingly.

"Have you?" she asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Fancy!" said she. That is her great fault: she hasn't an ear for a felicitous phrase. In any case, a woman should rather be dowdy than sarcastic.

"A weary, heartbreaking year," I said severely. I did not intend to be done out of my share of compassion.

"You look older," she said sympathetically.

"You're older, too," said I firmly; "a year."

"Do I look it?" she cried in alarm.

"Yes," I said regretfully; "I'm afraid you do."

Kitty looked at me with wide-eyed reproach. Then she smiled with relief.

"Oh, well, twenty-one isn't so very old," she reflected.

"You're not *passé* yet," I was forced to confess.

She clapped her hands joyously.

"You dear!" she cried. "I mean—thank you."

I put my hand towards her fan, and as she slipped her hand away I was compelled to take the fan.

"Have you any regrets?" I asked, opening it.

"Please!" she said, stretching out her hand.

It is a satisfactory sign when a girl needs the defence of a fan.

"Have you any regrets?" I demanded again. "Are you sorry it rained that night?"

"I got very wet," she murmured, looking at me over the fan. "Fancy, not even an umbrella."

"If we'd had one!" I said.

Kitty looked at me from the corner of her eye.

"Well, we shouldn't have got wet, should we?" she remarked.

"And I shouldn't want to kiss you," I said deliberately.

"Why not?" she cried.

"We should have been married a year," I reminded her.

"Oh!" she said. Then suddenly an idea struck her. "Oh, but you shouldn't want to."

"Want to what?" said I.

"Why—why kiss me."

"Why not?" I asked. I crossed my legs; I was prepared to give full consideration to her argument.

"Well, it was all a long time ago," she explained.

"That's the very reason," I informed her.

"Absence makes—" she began.

"Don't be quite so obvious," I protested. "Besides, I'm not any fonder. That would be an impossibility."

"Anyhow," she said decidedly, "you mustn't."

"A statement," I told her, "is no argument. Besides, I know I mustn't. That's why I want to."

"I wonder," she cried suddenly, "if my partner's looking for me."

"Very probably," I said composedly.

She rose to her feet.

"Don't worry," I added; "he won't find you."

"But I want him to," she protested.

"Who is he?" I asked interestedly.

"I don't know," she rejoined.

I looked at her reproachfully. Had I become so familiar that the unknown was preferable?

"Ah, well," I reflected, "doubtless this is a humiliating position for you."

"Humiliating!" she flashed. But she resumed her seat.

"Humiliating!" she said again. She tapped her foot angrily.

"Surely," I said, addressing a large palm which stood near—a most respectable and elderly palm—"it must be humiliating to have to confess to an error of judgment: to have said that one loves a man, to discover—but a mere three hundred odd days later—that one was mistaken. But, perhaps," I added, turning to Kitty, "it was not a mistake?"

"Well, it wasn't," said she.

There! But of course I had to see it through.

"Darling," I cried, seizing her hand.

"I mean I didn't love you in the first place," she explained, trying to draw her hand away. "It was only a young girl's foolish fancy."

"And I have matured," I said dolefully, "from a foolish fancy to a hideous reminiscence."

Kitty reflected for a moment.

"Hardly that," she said at length—"say an amusing error."

"Oh!" I said. And really there was not much else I could have said.

"You took it all so seriously too," she said amusedly.

"While all the time you were laughing up your sleeve," I suggested.

She nodded brightly.

"That," I said biting, "was why you carried a heavy port-manteau for half a mile, and left a note on your dressing-table, was it?"

She flushed.

"When you got back they had discovered the note," I continued, "and you were sent away to an aunt's in Yorkshire. Jove! You've a strong sense of humour."

Kitty hummed softly to herself.

"I don't remember anything about that," she said at length.

"I'm glad," I said pleasantly; "otherwise it would rob the joke of its rich humour, wouldn't it?"

Kitty rose to her feet.

"I think," she said, "you've grown from a silly boy into an unpleasant young man."

"You had a lucky escape then," said I. So had I. Vixen!

"You," I continued, "have grown from a girlish girl into a womanly woman."

Kitty turned her back to me.

"That," she said over her shoulder, as she walked away, "is meant to be nasty, I suppose."

"No," I murmured, "it's meant to be a truthful appreciation."

That's the worst of attempting to rekindle a dying fire. It generally smokes.

THE END.

THE GIBSON WAIST IN POMPADOUR DAYS.

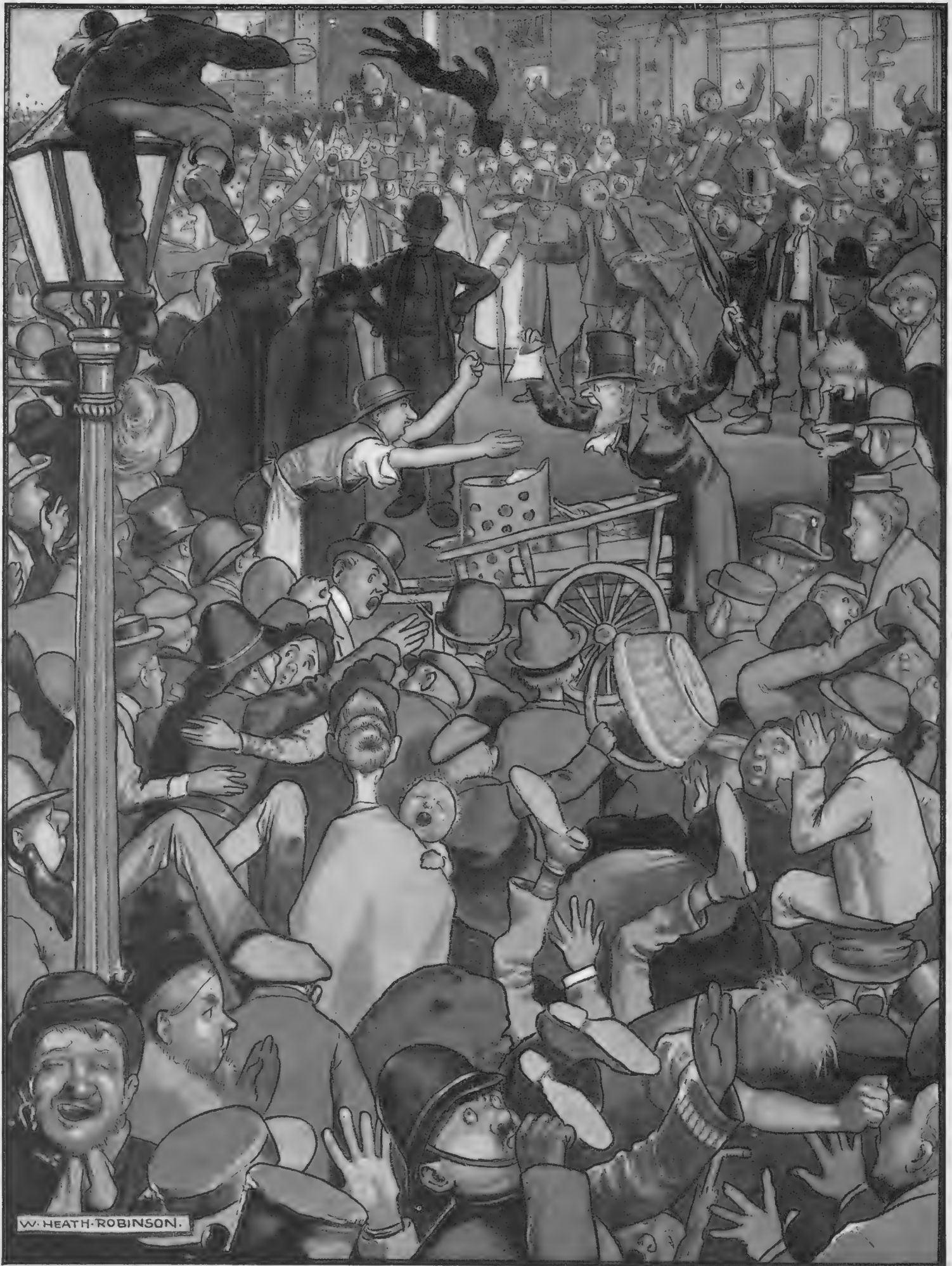


MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD AS LA POMPADOUR IN THE VAUDEVILLE HARLEQUINADE.

Photograph by Bassano.

FIRESIDE PUZZLES, BY "SPHINX."

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



III.—A DISPUTE ABOUT CHESTNUTS.

"I bought a pennyworth of chestnuts, and you only gave me five. It is not enough; there ought to be a sixth!" insisted the buyer.

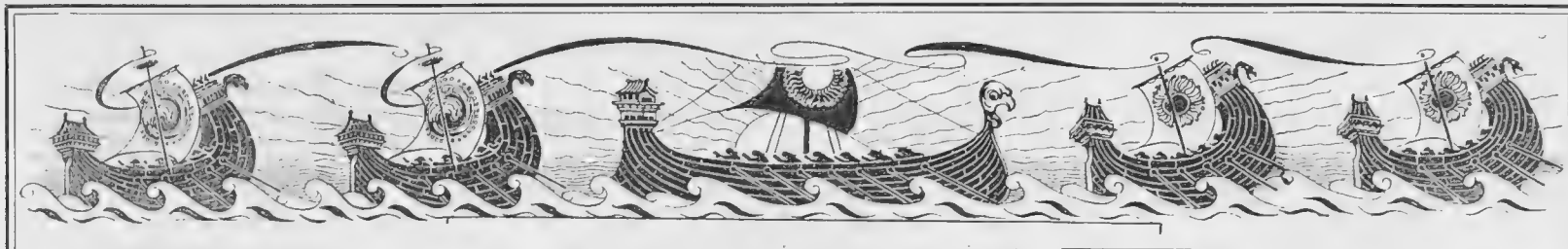
"Quite right!" shouted the intelligent crowd.

"But if I give you one chestnut more," yelled the seller, "you will have five too many!"

"Quite right," said the intelligent crowd again.

Since both buyer and seller were correct in their statements, what was the price of chestnuts?—HENRY E. DUDENEY.

(For Solution see "Mere Man" page.)



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

It will be remembered that when the present Pope left Venice for Rome at the time of the death of Leo XIII., he took a return ticket, not having the slightest idea that he would be elected. The half-ticket he has always cherished as a souvenir, but a few weeks ago, when the King of Greece called on him, his Holiness, remembering that the King has a museum of personal curiosities at Athens, presented him with the "return," and at the same time gave him an autograph letter vouching for its authenticity. His Majesty was delighted, and knowing that Pius X. is a confirmed philatelist, offered to give him a complete set of all the stamps of Greece. Unfortunately, the Pope already possesses a set, and now the King is worried by the bewildering puzzle, what on earth to present to the Pope in return for that little square of cardboard.

Tunnel Secrets. Who will dig the Channel Tunnel, if Parliament says it may be made? And who will bury the builder if it break his heart when he does construct it? Preliminary surveys do not discover nearly all the secrets which later borings bring out. When the St. Gothard Tunnel was being made, the engineers came upon a terrible core of soft stuff for which they had never bargained. That killed its contractor; so did the quicksand in the Kilsby Tunnel. You never can tell. There is a story of fortune missed still to be read in the cutting leading to the Box Tunnel. The man who contracted for it meant to make his fortune, as his friend "Tom" Brassey had. He was going to excavate and burn the material for brick. The survey had overlooked a terrible stratum of rock which grew there, hard, unyielding, and vast.

No bricks were made from that cutting, and the man who was to have won wealth from it died a labourer.

"The Divine" as Mephisto. The only Sarah is a woman

of many parts. She has already appeared as empress, as saint, and sorceress; now she intends, if rumour speaketh truly, to present the sable character of Mephistopheles. Before that happens she is to play a humorous piece. One must never get stereotyped, she says, and she is quite right. There is much less danger of it in France than in England, where plays run for a year or more. In Paris, a piece that holds the boards for a third of that time has done extremely well. It is rough on Sarah and her sex that, while Sardou, whom she has glorified more than any artist on the Paris stage, has received his Grand Cross, she has no decoration as an *étrenne* this year. The reason is—or so they say—that an actress cannot claim the Order otherwise than as functionary, such as *sociétaire* of the Maison de Molière.

Sarah Bernhardt *per se* has no right to the Red Ribbon. Curious logic, since she, more than anyone, has spread abroad a knowledge and appreciation of the living French tongue.

A Charming Amateur Actress.

in the great world.



A CHARMING AMATEUR ACTRESS: THE HON. ROSAMOND TUFTON, DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY HOTHFIELD, WHO RECENTLY APPEARED WITH MRS. WILLIE JAMES IN "THE ISLE OF PHARAWAI"

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

Miss Rosamond Tufton, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Hothfield, is perhaps, taking one thing with another, the most accomplished girl taken with a rather neglected branch of modern feminine education—namely, general accomplishments. Thus she speaks French admirably, and few amateurs have so well trained a soprano voice. It is, however, as an amateur actress that Miss Tufton has shone of late, and she has been winning golden opinions in West Sussex by her admirable acting and singing in the performances organised at Chichester by Mrs. Willie James. Miss Tufton belongs by birth to Westmorland, and she is fortunate in her splendid country home, Appleby Castle, a wonderful old place dating from the days of Henry VI. During the recent theatricals in which she took part, Miss Tufton was leading lady in the amusing comic opera, "The Isle of Pharawai," composed by Don Pedro de Zulueta.

Scotland's Boy Astronomer.

Scotland can claim amongst its sons the youngest expert astronomer in the world—Mr. Hector Macpherson junior, who, though only eighteen years of age, has produced two notable astronomical works. He is the son of a popular Scottish journalist, and resides with his father at Johnsburn, Balerno, a pretty, tree-

sheltered old Midlothian country house, some few miles from Edinburgh. When twelve years of age young Hector began to show a strong interest in astronomy. His father encouraged this interest by procuring for him primers written in simple and popular style. The lad's wonder and interest were aroused. Bit by bit he developed, getting a corner of his home fitted up as an observatory, with telescope, orrery, star-maps, and other paraphernalia. Twelve months ago he published his first book, entitled "Astronomers of To-day." In order to get accurate and the latest information concerning the work of the French, German, and Italian astronomers, Hector first learned these languages, and then corresponded with the astronomers in their native tongue. His latest book, "A Century's Progress of Astronomy," consists of 246 pages, and tells in easy vein the marvellous progress that has been made in this deep but fascinating science during the last hundred years. This youthful author of scientific works is a member of the Société Astronomique de France, and also a member of the Société Belge d'Astronomie.



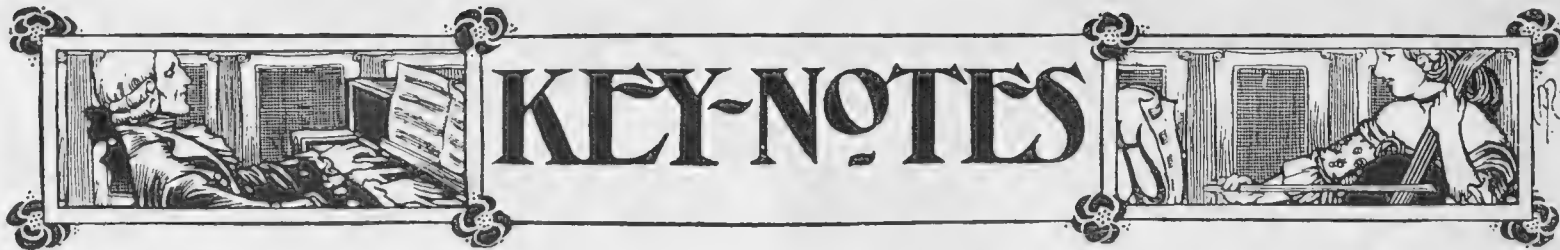
THE YOUNGEST EXPERT ASTRONOMER IN THE WORLD: MR. HECTOR MACPHERSON JUN., AUTHOR OF "A CENTURY'S PROGRESS OF ASTRONOMY," ETC.

Photograph by H. F. Shepstone.



THE BURIAL-PLACE OF A GREAT WOMAN PHILANTHROPIST: THE SITE OF THE TOMB OF THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Photograph by Halfones, Ltd.



KEY-NOTES

THE New Year's Day concert at the Queen's Hall, to which reference was made in these columns last week, was very successful indeed. The programme opened with Mozart's Overture to "Die Zauberflöte," which was followed by the Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 in G for three violins, three violas, three violoncellos, and bass. In this the band played magnificently, for Mr. Wood managed to extract every possible point, and each individual member of the orchestra must be congratulated upon his work. Beethoven's Overture "Coriolan" was also given on this occasion, and the Overture to "Tannhäuser," which was rendered with all the fire and fury which Wagner's work demands. In the Minuets in G major and minor from the Serenade by Brahms Mr. Wood discarded the use of the bâton altogether, and merely beat time with his hand. Miss Maria Philippi, who has a very sympathetic and sweet voice, sang a Bach Aria, "Schlafe, mein Liebster," and Max Bruch's "Ich wob dies Gewand," from "Odysseus" very charmingly; though her voice is perhaps not quite powerful enough for such exacting works. Tchaikowsky's Overture "1812" was also included in the programme, and of this the orchestra gave a most exciting rendering.

On the same day, in the evening, a highly successful performance of "The Messiah" was given at the Albert Hall to a very crowded and enthusiastic audience. Under Sir Frederick Bridge's admirable conducting, the choir sang with a grip and a sensitiveness which were highly satisfactory, and throughout the performance they did splendid justice to the music. Miss Gleeson White, who sang the soprano part, was not sufficiently even, her fortissimos being too pronounced. Madame Clara Butt was in her best voice, singing with an artistic refinement to which it was most delightful to listen. Mr. Lloyd Chandos took the tenor part, and Mr. Watkin Mills the bass part, both doing good work. Mr. H. L. Balfour was the organist of the occasion, and played with all his usual distinction.

The Gloucester Musical Festival, to be given next autumn in the Cathedral of that city, will include Sir Edward Elgar's two

oratorios, "The Apostles" and "The Kingdom," and also compositions by Verdi, Beethoven, Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn, and Brahms. A new work by Dr. Herbert Brewer, the organist of the Cathedral, is likewise promised; and Dr. Cowen will contribute a new orchestral work. Dr. Brewer has also undertaken to give a setting of the famous old ballad, "Sir Patrick Spens," at the Cardiff Festival, which is fixed to take place next autumn. There are already several other new works underlined for this festival.

Mr. Sterling Mackinlay is the author of a

PROMINENT SINGERS
DURING THE GERMAN
OPERA SEASON
AT COVENT GARDEN.

FRAU HERMINE BOSETTI
(Soprano; of Munich).
Photograph by Traut.



MME. AÏNO ACKTE
(Soprano; of Paris).
Photograph by E. Birber.



M. ERNEST VAN DYCK,
Manager for the Winter German
Opera Season (Tenor).
Photograph by Dupont-Emera.

new work which is to appear shortly—"García: the Centenarian and His Times." This should prove extremely interesting to the public at large, as well as to the musical public, for Mr. Mackinlay was a pupil of Signor García. This is not his first work, for he has already published his reminiscences of his mother, Madame Antoinette Sterling. We understand that the volume will be dedicated, by permission, to his Majesty the King of Spain.

Much interest is naturally felt as to who will be the successor of Cavaliere Ladislav Zavertal, M.V.O., late conductor of the Royal Artillery Band. He was born at Milan some fifty odd years ago, and received his first education in music from his father, who was himself an able musician. He obtained a scholarship at the Naples

Conservatoire of Music, where he studied under Tosti. In 1871 he went to Glasgow, and, as well as conducting two musical societies, toured in Scotland with Herr von Bülow. In January 1882 he entered upon his duties as bandmaster of the Royal Artillery, which band, under his able direction, has been brought to a high state of efficiency.



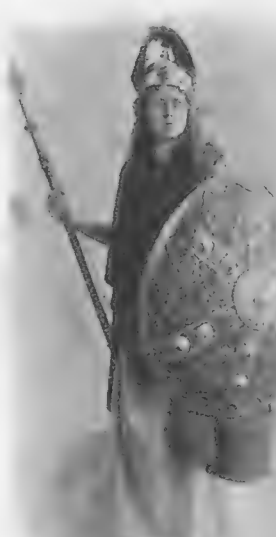
HERR FRITZ FEINHALS
(Baritone; of Munich).
Photograph by Lützel Brothers.

of Mozart, among other items a motet by Michael Haydn being given at the sacred concert.

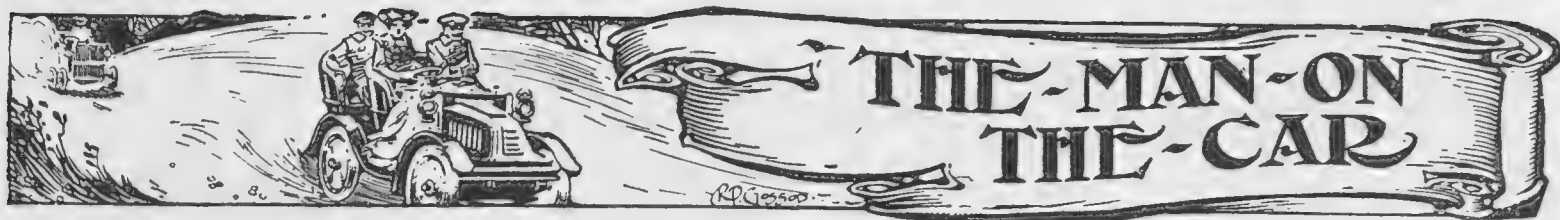
It will be remembered that some years ago Mr. Esposito, of Dublin, gained a prize given to the anonymous writer of an ambitious musical work. It was only when the anonymity was unveiled that it was found that he was the lucky prize-winner. One recalls this interesting little fact because the announcement is now made that Mr. Esposito, together with his orchestra of fifty, will give a series of ten concerts at the great

Irish International Exhibition of 1907. In fact, things musical seem to be very much to the fore in the Irish capital just now. The Amateur Operatic Society, conducted by Mr. Barton McGuckin, have given a performance of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," and the same work has been rendered by the University Choral Society under the bâton of Mr. Charles H. Marchant.

At the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, it has been decided to present "Madama Butterfly" as well as "Manon Lescaut" during this season, neither of these operas having as yet been produced at that house. Of course, "La Bohème" and "La Tosca" will also be included in the repertoire at the Metropolitan Opera House. About the end of this month, Mr. Conreid intends to stage Richard Strauss's "Salome."



MISS EMMIE TATHAM
(of London and Weimar).
Photograph by Hoffmann.



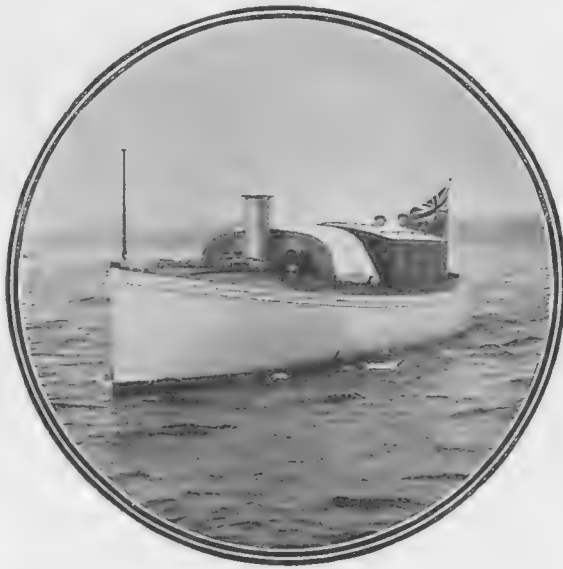
THE WORK OF THE MOTOR UNION—SNOW AND THE CAR—ENTRIES FOR THE SIDE-SLIP AND SKID-PREVENTION COMPETITION—THE GREAT RACE ORGANISED BY GERMANY—THE AUTOMATIC INLET-VALVE—A NEW INFLATOR.

THE ubiquity and energy of the Motor Union compel admiration. It would appear to leave no stone unturned in labouring for the weal of the community automobilistic, and to have no hesitation in coming down right hard on the toes of the Automobile Club in so doing. The Union to-day assumes control of matters which would appear to be the birthright of the older and more aristocratic body dating from 1119, Piccadilly, which the founders of the Union assuredly never intended it to handle. I refer to the Petrol Inquiry, during which the Editor of the *Petroleum Review* gave such comforting assurances with regard to the world's supply of petroleum spirit, which three or four years ago would have been regarded essentially as a Club matter. Now the Union has appointed a committee to examine the Private Bills which will be promoted during the coming Parliamentary Session, with a view to opposing any anti-motorist, autophobist clauses they may contain.

During the recent Christmas holidays the modern motor-car, both in its pleasure and public-service forms, showed that snow—always the appalling bugbear of horse-drawn traffic—has no terror for it. Freshly fallen snow, even to the depth of twelve inches or more, exerted but little retarding influence upon motor-cars, and many indeed were the engagements all up and down the country which would have been null and void but for cars. Neither smooth-surfaced nor studded pneumatic tyres failed to grip on snow-covered surfaces.

No fewer than forty-one entries have been received by the Automobile Club for the Side-Slip and Skid-Prevention Competition. The list to hand merely gives the names of the various entrants, and makes no suggestion of any of the devices to be submitted for trial. Of the well-known pneumatic-tyre manufacturers, the Dunlop Tyre Company alone figure on the sheet, and one is left to wonder if only their well-known and well-tried types are to be exploited, or whether the company has something quite new in reserve. It would be more than a blessing to the motoring community at large if these trials brought to light

The great race organised by the German Automobile Club (to be held over the whole or part of the excellent Taunus Course adopted for the Gordon-Bennett Race of 1903) for which his Imperial Majesty the German Emperor is offering a trophy from which the race takes its name, threatens by its conditions and the support it is already receiving to cast the Grand Prix event altogether into the shade. British automobilists will learn with keen gratification that England at least is not to be unrepresented in this event. Messrs. S. F. Edge have entered a Napier car, and may supplement it with another. It is to be hoped that this country may yet have other champions; indeed, it is rumoured that a native car constructed in the image of an Italian model will be plurally represented.

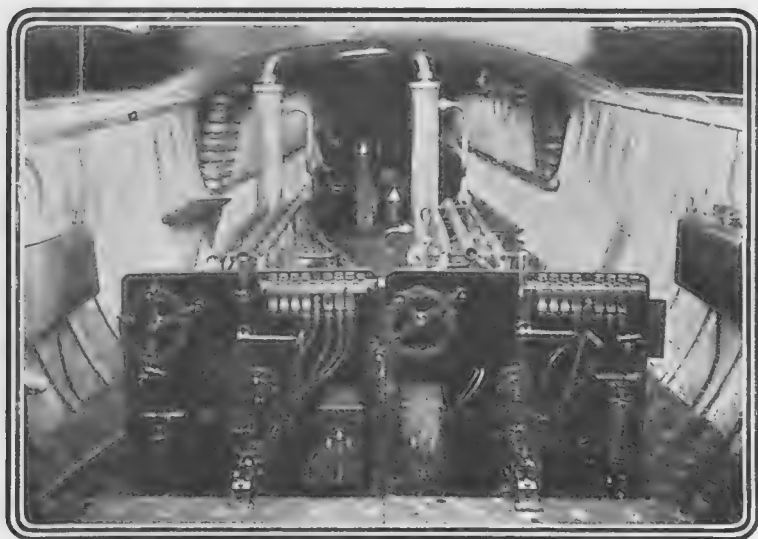


THE "SHAMROCKS" LITTLE SISTER: SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S MOTOR-BOAT "BRITANNIA I."

Photograph by the Topical Press.

The automatic inlet-valve, which, it will be remembered, was so staunchly supported in some quarters in face of the mechanically actuated variety, may be said to be yielding up its last stronghold on the well-known single-cylinder De Dion engines. Messrs. De Dion and Bouton are now producing an 8-h.p. single-cylinder engine with both valves mechanically actuated, and placed in a common valve-chamber on the front of the cylinder. The effect of this modification of this favourite type of engine will be to deprive it of the chattering clack when running, a sound almost inseparable from automatic inlet-valves. The engine will also be capable of running slower, and should be more powerful at slow speeds than it was before.

Nothing can be nearer akin to "six months' hard" than pumping one or more large-diameter pneumatic tyres with the common or usually carried foot-pump. The driving-tyres of cars weighing a ton or over must, if they are to stand a reasonable time, be inflated to a pressure of eighty pounds to the square inch and over. Only those who have performed such a task can realise properly the back breaking nature of the work. Many devices have been introduced to relieve poor suffering humanity of the job—Parsons' Sparklet Inflators, to wit—but now we have Messrs. Michelin and Co. to the front



THE WOULD-BE CUP-LIFTER AS MOTOR-BOAT OWNER: SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S "BRITANNIA I."—THE ENGINE.

The hull of the "Britannia I." is 55 feet long, and she is driven by two six-cylinder 50-h.p. motors, turning twin screws. This arrangement is designed to eliminate vibration. Under the forward deck in the engine-room are two folding cots—one for the deck-hand and one for the engineer. Pantry, kitchen, and lavatory open out of the saloon. The speed of the vessel is 14 knots, and this can be maintained in any but the roughest sea.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

an efficient and practical non-skid device which would operate independently of the tyres. Pneumatic tyres as constructed to-day have all they should be asked to do in weight-carrying and driving; the severe stress of resisting side-slip through their canvas walls is just the one thing they should not be required to sustain.



THE SCENE OF THE ADVENTURES OF A 22-H.P. ORLEANS CAR AMONG THE NORTHERN PASSES OF INDIA: THE MALAKAND PASS.

A 22-h.p. Orleans car recently underwent its trial between Newshera and Dargai and the Malakand Pass. The car made a non-stop run to Dargai, during which it had to cross the bed of a river over which water was flowing axle-deep. From Dargai it ascended the Malakand Pass to a height of about 3000 feet. The next trip was a non-stop run from the Malakand Pass to Peshawar. The car carried three passengers and baggage for the party.

Photograph by Anand and Sons.

with a most ingenious and easily fitted device, which enables the work to be done expeditiously by any four-cylinder engine. As yet I have only seen the machine on paper; but to have the cachet of Messrs. Michelin and Co. it must have been satisfactorily proved months ago.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE KING'S HORSES—TURF WRITERS—THE BILL.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING has entered his horses freely for coming events, and, according to the authorities, he is very likely to win plenty of good races in 1907. After a course of hurdle practice, Nulli Secundus may develop into a useful flat-racer.

He is a real good one when he tries his best. The horse is well bred, by St. Simon—Nunsuch. I have a picture of the mare, with Tod Sloan in the saddle. It was taken after Nunsuch had won the Old Cambridgeshire in the royal colours, but I had given Nunsuch as a real good thing for the Cambridgeshire two days earlier, and, to the chagrin of her backers, she was left at the post. She was a stout mare, and her progeny are bound to develop into good horses over a distance of ground. Coxcomb, who was originally bought to lead work, is certain to win a handicap in the royal colours if well placed; but the hope of the sporting world will rest on the three-year-old Perambulator, by Persimmon—Spy Glass, who is entered in the Derby. He has never run in public, and has not been hurried in his work. He has wintered well, and is said to be one of the "likeliest" three-year-olds at Newmarket at the present time. I know that Marsh, the late J. Watts, and others qualified to speak on the matter considered Persimmon to be the horse of the century, and his sons and daughters have done remarkably well, so that there is great hope for Perambulator.

The colt will be ridden by Herbert Jones, who was successful on Diamond Jubilee. Of his Majesty's two-year-olds—Perdrigon, Perolina, Persian Lilac, Peridore, Perrier, Perspective, and Court Plaster, are all said to be promising, while Maid of Norway, by St. Simon—Nunsuch, Golden Amber, by Diamond Jubilee—Amble-side, Lady Wayward, by Ladas—Vane, and Simpatica, by St. Simon—Laodamia, have each been heavily engaged. His Majesty's three-year-old Victoria, by Persimmon—Meadow Chat, is said to be useful.

The entries for the Spring Handicaps have been issued, but it is useless to discuss these until the weights appear on Jan. 24, although I notice that the sporting writers have been diving into the entries just as a preliminary. The mention of Turf writers reminds me that some of them are getting on in years. Mr. John Corlett, who I am pleased to see looking hale and hearty, has been connected with the Sporting Press for nearly half a century. Mr. Alfred Allison has thirty years' experience at his back; so has Mr. James Henry Smith, who is "Argus," of the *Morning Post* and "Jim the Penman," of the *Sporting Times*. Mr. Jack Harris, of the *Winning Post*, is one of the veterans in service; so is Mr. Tom Flood, of the *Sportsman*, and Mr. Jack Cobbett, of the *Sporting Life*. Mr. McCarthy, of the *Daily Mirror*,

has had twenty years' London experience, following a goodish innings in Dublin, and Mr. L. H. Mellish ("Robin Goodfellow," of the *Daily Mail*) has been writing sport for nearly as long. Mr. Sydenham Dixon, son of "The Druid," is "Vigilant," of the *Sportsman*. He has been

writing on sport for many years, as has Mr. W. Allison, the Special Commissioner. Mr. Moorhouse, who is Special Commissioner of the *Sporting Life*, is a newcomer, but he is very smart and enthusiastic. Mr. Paul Widdison, who collects the starting prices for the *Sportsman*, and Mr. James George, who does ditto for the *Sporting Life*, are both well-seasoned journalists. Mr. Ball, who as "Hotspur" of the *Telegraph* is a great success, belongs to the younger school, and the same remark applies to Mr. Tuckman, the able sporting correspondent of the *Daily Express* and the *Standard*. Mr. Rabula, of the *Tribune*, has gone the rounds of racing for many years, while Mr. Lotinga ("Larry Lynx," of the *People*) has ridden in races, owned horses, and engaged in pretty well every athletic pastime. Mr. George L. Chesterton ("Orion," of the *Tiser*) has a pretty wit, combined with good judgment and a thorough knowledge of breeding. Mr. C. E. Edwards ("Uno," of the *Morning Leader*)

is very thorough, and a wonderful man for facts and figures; while "Jolly John" Nash, of the *Evening News*, is jolly good. Mr. Freddy Wear, of the *Racehorse*, is a veteran; so is Mr. Wilkinson, of the *Racing World*.

The passing of the Betting Bill has been the means of stopping many of the pavement bookies, who have decided that the game is not worth the candle. But betting will go on all the same, and already I hear of commission agents who are prepared to give credit to approved clients, while many big stay-at-home backers are making arrangements to bet with bookies on the course at starting price. One outcome of the Bill will be the curtailment of stay-at-home starting-price bookmakers, and the starting-price coups of old will be no more. There are one or two big City operators who have of recent years dealt the ring some terrible body-blows on occasion, but their little game is up now, as it is to be assumed that layers on the course will insist on the receipt of telegrams with instructions some minutes before the starting of a race. The mechanic will continue to have his humble shilling on with the bookie on the works—namely, a brother artisan who takes on all comers and chances his luck. It is not illegal to bet, therefore it is perfectly legitimate to back a horse everywhere except in the scheduled places. CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's Monday "Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" Page.



THE TYPICAL SPRINTER; A STATUETTE OF THE AVERAGE AMERICAN SHORT-DISTANCE RUNNER, MADE BY DR. R. TAIT MCKENZIE, PHYSICAL DIRECTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Dr. McKenzie's statuette is the result of many sets of measurements of college sprinters, and shows the average short-distance runner.

Photograph by the P.F. Press Bureau.



NATURE IN ART: A STATUETTE OF THE AVERAGE AMERICAN MALE STUDENT.

As we note on another page, Professor D. A. Sargent, of Harvard University, has had made statuette of the average figure of the man student and of the woman student at American colleges.—

Photograph by the P.F. Press Bureau.



NATURE IN ART: A STATUETTE OF THE AVERAGE AMERICAN MALE STUDENT.

—The two photographs on this page show the figure of the man student, which was made from over a thousand sets of measurements in the same manner as that of the woman student.

Photograph by the P.F. Press Bureau.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

"LES foules sont gaies." But there is not a noticeable superabundance of gaiety in a sale-going crowd. Business, stern business, is the order of the afternoon. Nerves are too highly strung, and issues are too grave, for ribbons and remnants to be bought in a mood approaching frivolity. When some wit flung the reproach at English folk that their very pleasures were taken sadly, a cap was



[Copyright.]

A DAINY EVENING GOWN OF SOFT SATIN.

manufactured that fitted, and fits, every head south of the Tweed. However intensely moved to mirth or misery, however titillated by comic circumstances or torn by secret anguish, the islander of Albion keeps his facial muscles in admirable order, and neither tears his hair nor dances jigs like excellent neighbours on the other side of both Channels. In one instance he makes a fundamental mistake, for while praise only can be accorded the Spartan spirit which hides a wound, it remains an incalculable misfortune to miss the gaiety of heart which takes merry moments merrily. One supposes that it is this profundity of temperament which makes the Englishwoman look so sad at sales, while in reality enjoying ecstasies of satisfied desire as each additional bargain falls before her purse.

In frivolous Paris, the mode of the moment, not the *demodé* residue of the defunct season, occupies the busy crowd as well as the endless stream of gay cosmopolitans for ever passing and repassing through La Ville Lumière on chiffons intent. Quite a summer-like effect is obtained by the bright or pale colours of which outdoor frocks and coats are made. Eccentricities in plumage and surprises in floral effects adorn the hats; immense ostrich-feathers float out and over the hat-brims, reminiscent of old fashion-pictures recovered from forgotten shelves. As if to draw the line of demarcation very visibly between the severity of motoring outfits and their contrasting chiffons, women seem to riot in extravagant daintiness *chez elles*; and following the American custom of wearing ethereal indoor garments in winter because of their well-heated houses, our French fair neighbours affect a more diaphanous and decorative style of dress indoors than we who have to fight with fog, smuts, and coal

fires can realise or attain. Out of doors there, as here, furs are the desired of all women; but as sables and chinchilla, mink and ermine, go on piling up price on price, the skins we once thought of only as "linings" come into evidence, and are gradually taking the place of their no longer attainable "betters." Fox, black with points and pure white, is pre-eminent favourite; musquash, beaver, and opossum follow in the social skin scale; while the feminine proletariat delights in tabby and bunny dyed to a pathetic *vraisemblance* of ermine and mink.

Taking a flying visit to Paris this week, one noticed with what one had almost called weariness the velvet evening gown, chiefly black, asserted itself: at the opera, at one's friends' houses—everywhere, while the velvet frocks made short for walking, in such rich winter tones as Bordeaux, sapphire, and Lincoln green, rejoiced one's sight in the afternoon at weddings—of which we had two—receptions, and so forth. The tea-gown returns triumphantly to its partially eclipsed place in our affections this winter; and one which was really a vision of well-considered elegance discovered itself in grey embroidered net with frilled elbow-sleeves and borderings everywhere of chinchilla. Made up for grey chiné silk the effect was all that could be of the most *chic*. Lady Anglesey has just had herself fitted out with a delightful little Princess robe by Barroin, who is so clever at creating special styles for special types. The frock was entirely of lace, with judicious splashes of dull-green velvet, a high ceinture of the same, and a fichu again of lace. With her white skin and bronze hair the



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING FROCK FOR THE COUNTRY HOUSE.

contrast was excellent. Mrs. Clayton, so well known as Mlle. de Fougères, has had a charming new dinner frock *en Princesse* of dull blue tulle powdered with *clair de lune* sequins, a morsel of Alençon lace at neck and the short sleeves—*voilà tout*.

Did I begin this page by affirming that we take our sales lugubriously? Then I make one notable exception in the self-invited country cousin who begs you to put her up for three or four nights and has a consumedly gay yet inexpensive time under your perforce

hospitable roof-tree. For though you are assured that she will be "out all day and no trouble," she is unfailingly home to food, and develops a craving for theatres which is not to be satisfied or set aside. "And have you really taken tickets for the Alhambra, Sybil, and are we to see those miraculous Zancigs? How too heavenly of you, sweet thing!" and so on—Sweet Thing having meanwhile seen the Zancigs ten times, and being moderately surfeited with their admirable performance. Again, "'Peter Pan'! Going to-night! The dream of my life to see it!"—having sharply hinted for three previous days that she had heard it was too enticing; while the man of the house murmurs words under his breath, and gets his gibus with an air of stern self-repression. Oh, those country cousins!

Almost as smart as Grand Opera was the Savoy a few nights ago, when lots of old Gilbert and Sullivan goers sat around in their best diamonds, highly delighted as ever with the "Yeomen." Whether all the glitter came from family jewel-safes or the incomparable Parisian Diamond Company, who shall say? But the effect was, at least, very fine, and what more is wanted? In the tiny *bijouterie* of lace-pins, little pendants, crosses, and such trinkets, does the Parisian Diamond Company excel as completely as in the *tour-de-force* of tiara, ceinture, or necklace. This will be noted by all who visit the famous firm's premises, exquisite workmanship being the predominant feature of all productions, no matter how small, sent forth by the company. In a delightful pearl-and-diamond cross and small emerald-and-diamond brooch, perfection of gem-setting is shown; while a well-admitted fact is that many of the company's special designs are freely adopted by jewellers as more original than the stereotyped patterns of the ordinary gem-setter.

The modern woman would reasonably reply, "My figure's my fortune, Sir," if she were asked her claims for consideration, which, out of a ballad, she never would be! In these days no one is plain, it is criminal to be ugly; and dowdiness is one of the seven deadly sins. Smartness, the antithesis of dowdiness, is a matter so largely of figure that the London Corset Company, of 28, New Bond Street, has come to be regarded by women as a boon that cannot be too highly valued. This week there is a sale at this Mecca of good form other than that treated of in the etiquette-books, and oh! so much more important, for if manners maketh the man, corsets mouldeth the woman! For the possessors of stout figures the company caters most wisely. There is a corset in the sale for 34s. 6d. which is very kind and tender to figures that call for support and summarising. It is so beautifully cut and so neat over the hips that the dressmakers will bless the makers of it, and the owner of the figure will be restored from any little loss of confidence in herself she may have sustained with her increase in size. There is another for the modest sum of 22s. 6d., which is also an educator of a figure inclined to be recalcitrant, and while educating makes quite the best of its pupil. These are things that appeal to many of our

women, for we are a cheery, contented lot and inclined to put on flesh and look comfortable. The L.C.C. intends that comfortable and becoming shall go amicably together. An illustration of the first-named corset at 34s. 6d., sale price, appeared in our last issue.

When it is remembered that every corset in the sale is made in Paris and only real whalebone used, save for those which are offered at 11s. 9d. and 14s. 5d., it will be seen that such bargains as can be secured at the sale are bargains indeed. The celebrated "Tricot" corset, which is of hand-knitted silk, and which with the gentlest suasion induces the figure, with perfect comfort, to accept the smallest lines, is in the sale at 67s. 6d. Besides charming little corsets from 11s. 9d., there are beauties at all prices, each much reduced. Some are suitable for wear with tailor-built gowns; others, of silk as soft and thin as skin and cut to fit like it, are suitable for wearing with Princess dresses. There are some latest models at 6½ guineas which are object-lessons in what the figure ought to be. Blouses in thin flannel beautifully hand-embroidered and of latest cut are selling from 17s. 11d., while dainty and charming silk blouses trimmed with lace and finished in the deffest French fashion of elaborate simplicity are from 35s. A few fur sets are included in the sale, and some model gowns at from 35s. 6d. Bargains for the buyers who know where to go are all these things, and many paths lead to the L.C.C., New Bond Street, beloved of the ladies.



THE MENU OF THE NEW-YEAR'S-EVE SUPPER AT THE SAVOY:
"ARRIVAL OF 1907 AT THE SAVOY, LONDON, BY AEROMOBILE,"
BY H. GERVEX.

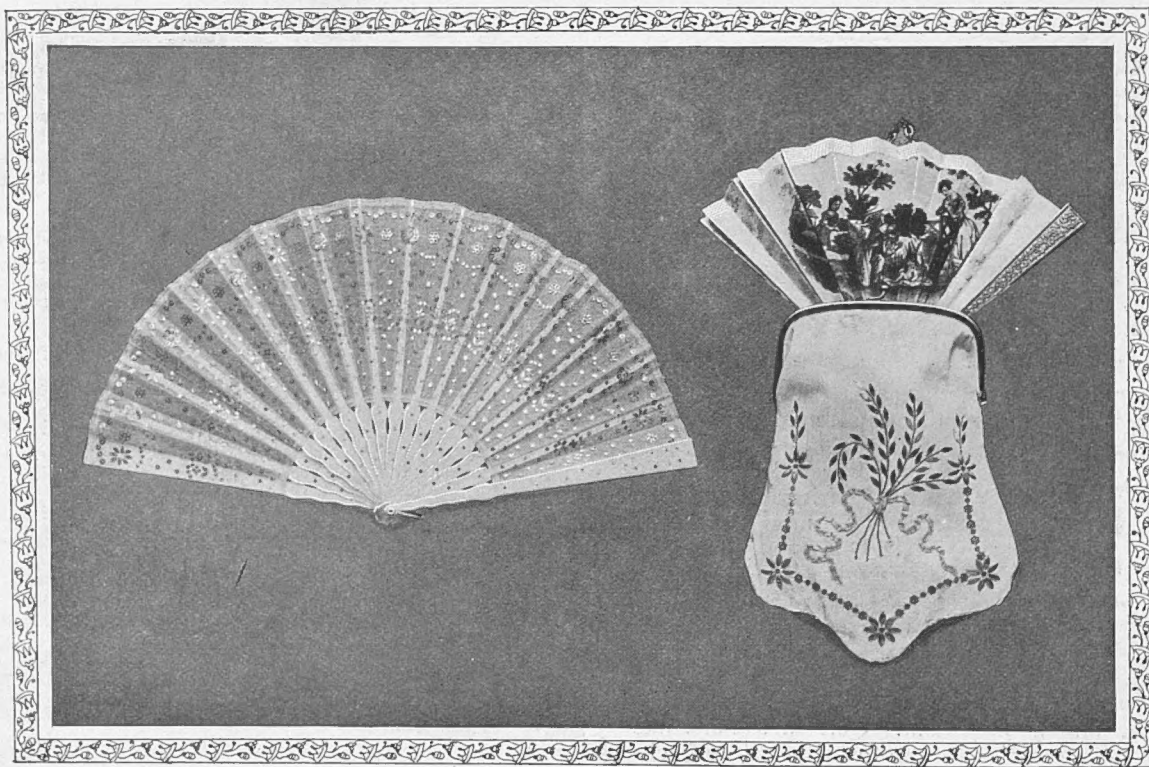
lace descended; the coat bordered with tiny edgings of sable. This had incroyable lapels held back with large diamond buttons. It seems just what you want.—SYBIL.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

PAMELA M.—Yes; long lace coats are worn over the Directoire evening gown, and are quite correct. You might copy one I saw in Paris this week, made for the Grand Duchess Vladimir: Alençon lace over palest rose chiffon, bordered with ribbon roses and foliage; a bolero of painted cream panne, from which very long basques of the

The readers of the *Petit Parisien* have been polling for the greatest men of the last century, and they have decided that the biggest of them all is Pasteur. After him comes Victor Hugo, then Gambetta, and, fourth only, the great Napoleon. Evidently, he who kills on the

grand scale is less than he who cures in France, which is as it ought to be. Still, if that tunnel were made and anything nasty happened, we should want the Napoleon rather than the Pasteur, shouldn't we? even though the latter could grow the most noxious microbes on the spot and inoculate the invading host. Yet it is curious by what reasoning Gambetta comes before Napoleon—the man of words before the man of deeds. It must be because Gambetta died the later of the two. Oddly enough, the



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Guests at the Carlton.

The Silk Opera Bag, containing a Fan,
presented to Guests at the Ritz.

DELIGHTFUL GIFTS FOR NEW-YEAR'S-EVE GUESTS AT THE CARLTON AND THE RITZ.

more recent the funeral, the greater the popularity. In England, we should have little difficulty in penning a list equivalent to the ten greatest of France—Lister, Darwin, Spencer, Gladstone, Kelvin, Wellington, Roberts, Tennyson, Stanley, and Livingstone are as good a team as any nation could produce. If you asked for a present list of greatnesses, you would certainly find C. B. Fry and Harry Vardon. The sportsman is the great man of the twentieth century.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 14, 1907.

THE following letter from our Broken Hill representative will be of interest to a large number of our readers who have already done very well out of the great silver-mining centre on the advice which, during the last eighteen months, has been given in these notes, both by our local correspondent and by "Q." That many of our readers are interested in Broken Hill mines we know well from our correspondence columns.

Reasons connected with the space at our disposal prevent us from publishing this week a note from our valued contributor "Q," but so that our readers may not miss the advantage of his advice we may say that he considers Kalgurli shares an excellent mining investment, and Hampden Cloncurry Copper a really good speculation, which at present cannot be called more than a good mining risk.

Broken Hill, Nov. 26, 1906.

The Broken Hill mines have just escaped a serious labour trouble. A conference of managers and men's leaders has been held, and sat a second time the other day; it has agreed on a schedule of wages for the next two years, and the new agreement will come into force at the start of the new year, if not a little earlier.

There are at present close on 8500 men at work on the mines—those in Broken Hill proper and the surrounding district (the latter total about 400). Never before have the mines had such a big pay-roll. Moreover, the mines, on the whole, are doing better work than at any other period of their career, and are making higher profits.

The mines in active work at the present time are treating crude ore as follows: Proprietary, 12,000 tons weekly; South, 4,000; Block 14, 2000; Block 10, 3000; North, 2000; British, 2400; Junction, 700; Central, 1000; total, 27,100 tons. Early in the year the Central (Sulphide Corporation) will have several sections of its new mill going, and will be treating up to 4000 tons weekly (later 6000 tons, as well as 8000 tons old tailings and slimes); the South Block is almost ready for production, and will treat 2500 tons weekly; three or four weeks hence the Junction North will be in work again, and treating 1500 tons; the British will be doing bigger work so soon as the aerial tramway connecting Block 16 to the mill is complete—and it is nearly complete; the South has started the erection of a new 6000-ton mill; and the North has in near view a new 4000-ton plant. In addition, the Zinc Corporation is now completing the first unit of its final plant, capable of treating 3000 tons of tailings a week.

The production of the field, in lead and zinc concentrates, was never greater; profits were never more; and the mines never looked so well at depth. The Proprietary has proved a valuable body at the 1200-feet; Block 10 is stopping at the 1215-feet, and is putting in a plat preparatory to stopping at the 1315-feet; the Junction North (when the water left by the Junction fire has been pumped out) has a good show at the 1137-feet; and the South at 975-feet has the greatest silver-lead-zinc lode in the world. The cross-cut is in 504-feet, and 340-feet of it is in lode, assays averaging, approximately, 20 per cent. lead, 21 oz. silver, and 25 per cent. zinc. Even if the wall is near and the lode's width is only 350 ft., no other mine can show its equal and value. The Central has a 200-ft. wide lode at 1000 ft., but the ore is not all of milling grade.

The South stands to-day one of the biggest mining propositions in the world. The Broken Hill Proprietary, of course, has paid over £11,000,000 in dividends and bonuses; the South will equal it before its career is run. I expect to see shares shortly anything between £12 and £15.

The unlucky Central, owned by the Sulphide Corporation, will come to the fore shortly. By the middle of next year it will be treating 4000 tons crudes, 6000 tons tailings, and 2000 tons slimes weekly. At present 3600 tons of old tailings are being treated weekly (1600 tons granulation process and 2000 tons Mechernich magnetic separation), but the granulation process plant is being increased in capacity to 2000 tons, and a second 2000 tons granulation plant is being erected. Late work has produced a 45 per cent. zinc concentrate. Zinc Corporation people are, so far, using the Potter process, with mechanical amendments, which has experimentally given a 45.46 per cent. concentrate. The erection of an experimental Elmore Oil process, from England, starts next week.

Mines with immediately good futures are the British, Block 14, Junction North, and South Blocks. (The North has already proved itself.) Block 14 will shortly strike the lode at the 600 level, when shares will advance. Meantime, it steadily produces carbonates averaging 35 per cent. lead and 10 oz. silver, and good grade sulphides. The South Blocks has only developed to the No. 4 level, and has 450,000 tons of ore "in sight." The first week in January should see production started.

Broken Hill never had better prospects. My outlook for share values, if lead keeps up, is: Proprietary, £6; South, £12 to £15; Sulphides (paid), £5; Sulphides (Ordinary), £2 10s. to £3; North, £6; Junction North, £3 to £3 10s; Block 10, high enough; British, £4 (should be); Block 14, £2 10s. to £3; South Blocks, £4.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Cheerful? Oh, yes, we're cheerful enough," his broker assented gloomily.

"That's right," said Our Stroller with heartiness. "And I hope you will have a very pros —"

"Thanks very much, but I'm sure I shan't, so don't trouble," and the dejected broker went into Oppenheim's for a couple of shilling cigars on the strength of his prophecy.

"Thank you. Match? I'm afraid — Oh, have you? Thanks once more. But what's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing much," replied the broker, with concentrated melancholy in his tone. "I'm only a bear of Kaffirs and Yankees, and a bull of Trunks and Mexican Rails. That is All."

"I thought you never speculated?"

"Neither do I."

The Stroller led him to a quiet counter where they might weep unseen. Instead of which, however, they started talking shop.

"There must be more liquidation before the Yankee Market's better," the broker averred.

"Same with me," replied his companion. "What's it to be?"

"Atchisons have carried out all your anticipations. Here's fun!"

"Good luck! Yes, Atch. have been good friends to me," the broker agreed. "They are keeping up the price now, I take it, so as to get their new issue well placed at the end of January."

"Is that so? But Americans are not a bad market, considering how tight money was last time."

"Rather scandalous, you know, that money business. And, of course, the newspapers made it seem far worse than it actually was. See that chap over there?"

"With the young-looking face and the white hair?"

"Yes. Know him? He's the new City Editor of the *Morning Post*."

"Is that so? You know him, I suppose?"

"I've been introduced. He's on the *Pall Mall Gazette* now, and rather a curiosity."

"How?"

"Because he happens to be about the honestest financial writer of the day, amongst those with any sort of public position. Doesn't care a red cent for a soul, advertisers or anybody else. Straighter than they generally make 'em, I can tell you."

"I congratulate the *Morning Post*," cried Our Stroller, raising his glass. "Coming into the Street?"

"The Kaffir Circus was a busy and a noisy market."

"It's Paris makes the world go round," laughed a dealer. "Hark at them bidding for East Rands!"

"Yes, but if Paris leaves off buying? What then, my boy?"

The dealer shrugged his shoulders. "After Paris—the slump," he ventured.

"There will be no boom," another declared. "We don't want it either. Booms always do us harm in the long run."

"Gold Trusts were cheap at 2½. I told you so," added his neighbour irrelevantly.

"I wouldn't be surprised if there was a goodish market in Kaffirs this year," the broker said cautiously.

The other men seemed inclined to share his view.

"I don't like the way these Deep Leads are sagging off," put in a newcomer. "Loddons are quite dull again to-night."

"They will come again some day. See if they don't. But I wouldn't touch them myself, not even with a broom-handle."

"What about some of these new Queensland things?"

"A dangerous sort of market, though I'm told it's a coming one."

"Broken Hill things have all gone off," a dealer observed.

The broker said he heard it was to be a temporary matter. "And I think it is, too. Hullo, Ancient, what's made you look so happy?"

The gentleman addressed pulled up and told them he had just sold his Russian scrip at a profit of 10 points.

"Lucky dog! Who put you into them?"

"A man I know. He retired the other day. On Russians."

"What a pity!" said Our Stroller. "I would like to make a couple of hundred pounds myself. What, going?"

"I really must get back to the office," replied his broker. "Mustn't stay a moment longer. Truly, the spirit is willing, but the mail goes once a week. And this is the night!"

Saturday, Jan. 5, 1907.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

LIEUTENANT.—The Brewery is a good concern, and both the shares and Debentures would be safe enough but for the fear of the temperance legislation which is promised this year. The Railway stock is first class.

R. J. B.—We consider you might retain the Cements. We hear the same as you do about the business.

W. C. B.—Thank you for your letter. The Canadas will in time go still better, but do not be too greedy. Let some other fellow have a bit. All the securities you name, both English and Yankee, are very good. We know little of the Boston Terminal Company.

J. P. A.—We wrote you on the 2nd. See this week's notes as to the Sulphide Corporation.

H. K. R.—See "Q's" tips in this week's notes.

A. W.—All three are fair mining speculations, and if Copper keeps its price, will go higher. They are—do not forget—speculations. We know nothing of the people you name.

WATKINS.—Your answer must be held over, to enable inquiries to be made.

COBAN.—No one ever went bankrupt by taking a good profit. The shares are a good speculation still.

KIM.—A gamble pure and simple.

ALPHA.—Long before 1911 an amalgamation of the Central with other lines will have taken place in all probability, and a rearrangement of these securities. We should not feel nervous about the B stock.

MONA.—The price has been 3s., but is now 1s. 9d. Hold on. The Engine shares are about 4s.

PARK ROAD.—For a long shot, Pacific Nitrates.

K. G. H.—Your letter was answered on the 5th inst.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Haydock the following may go close: Wednesday Hurdle, Netherland; Warrington Hurdle, King Pluto; Makerfield Steeplechase, Millman; Ashton Maiden Hurdle, Wolfshall; Wigan Steeplechase, Domino; Maiden Four-Year-Old Hurdle, Turbine; January Steeplechase, Flutterer; St. Helen's Steeplechase, Yenikale. For the Plumpton Meeting I fancy the following: Southern Steeplechase, Chinese Labour; Street Hurdle, Lapsang; Brookside Steeplechase, Sexton; Barcombe Steeplechase, Savanake; Novices' Hurdle, Master Spratt; Ringmer Steeplechase, Amethyst; Plumpton Hurdle, Ivan; Bostel Hurdle, Romany Rye; New Year's Steeplechase, Alert III.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

UNTIL now "The Sky Pilot" has stood as the high-water-mark of Mr. Ralph Connor's achievement, but in his new novel, "The Doctor of Crow's Nest" (Hodder and Stoughton), he reaches an even higher level, both of characterisation and of narrative skill. It is a story of Canadian farm life, but passes for a time to medical-student life in town, and for a time into the wilds where gambling and the free use of the revolver are accepted as matters of course. The two brothers, Barney and Dick Boyle, are admirably drawn; and not less so is the gentle, practical Margaret Robertson, who loves Barney in secret, and has nothing but pity for Dick, who loves her. Subtler and more strikingly individual is Iola Lane, the temporary school-teacher, who soon has "a string of hearts dangling to her apron," and Barney's among them. She is bent upon becoming a great singer, and it is the strange beauty of her voice that draws the heart out of Barney even before he has seen her. Betwixt him and his brother there has grown up an ideal affection; he has devoted himself to the farm, so as to leave Dick free to pursue his studies for the ministry; but his passion for Iola inspires him with a desire to improve his social standing, and chance and a natural inclination bring him to resolve that he will qualify for the medical profession. He toils doggedly to this end, without neglecting the farm or reducing his brother's allowance, and by the time he takes his degree Iola is on the verge of success as an operatic singer, and so determined to permit nothing, not even her love for him, to come between herself and her career that he has to tell her, at last, "I must not hold you any more. For two years I have known. . . . Our lives are already far apart, and I must not keep you longer." And, despite her tears, for her own sake, he remains firm in that decision. Later, she estranges the two brothers for a season, and in the end marries neither; and it is Margaret who is made happy, but not as Barney's wife.

It is a rare thing to meet in latter-day fiction with such a virile, full-blooded character as the many-aliased Paragot, the fascinating,

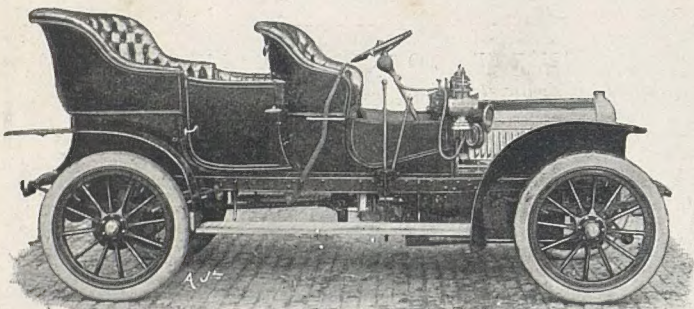
unconventional hero of "The Beloved Vagabond," by W. J. Locke. There is an exquisite romance running through the story of his erratic wanderings—a romance of the woman whom Paragot had loved and lost. Mad with his loss, he has turned his back on the high society to which he of right belongs, and is loved to idolatry by the rascal Bohemians with whom he has cast in his lot; and when the time comes at last that the woman of his worship is free and ready to give herself to him, for her happiness no less than for his own he runs away and will not trust himself to see her again. You find him at the outset abed in his squalid Covent Garden attic, amusedly roaring at the timorous little Augustus Smith, who has brought his washing home, and has been ordered to wait for the money. For half-a-crown he buys Augustus of his drunken mother, renames him Asticot, and presently the two are roving through France together, after the manner of Don Quixote and Sancho. "I am Paragot, my son," he would say, "a film full of wind and wonder, fantasy and folly, driven like thistledown about the world. I do not count. But you, my little Asticot, have the Great Responsibility before you. . . . Work now and gather wisdom, my son, so that when the Great Day comes you may not miss your destiny." And once he added wistfully, ". . . as I have missed mine." For the originality of its plot, and the charm and literary grace of its style, this is a novel of altogether unique interest.

Many novels that are famous in their own country have never been heard of in any other; those that are large enough in theme, whose interests are broadly human enough to make a world-wide appeal are few in number, and of these are Antonio Fogazzaro's "The Patriot" and "The Philosopher and the Foundling," by Georg Engel, which Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are publishing. "The Patriot," admirably translated by M. Prichard-Agnetti, is the first book of that brilliant trilogy in which "The Saint" is the third, and it has all those qualities of psychology and passion and vivid narrative power that have made "The Saint" so universally popular. It is a stirring and absorbing story of the ten dark years in the middle of last century when Italy, crushed and broken under Austria's heel, was plotting and preparing secretly to rise against her oppressors.

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